The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1890.

The Week.

THE passage by the House of the Copyright Bill by a good majority shows, as the passage of the Civil-Service Law had already shown, the folly of despairing of the triumph of a good cause. The passage of the bill in the Senate is, of course, not absolutely certain, but it is almost certain. The Copyright League are entitled to high praise and hearty congratulations on this result of their courage and persistence in the face of all kinds of discouragement. The debates have been very interesting in bringing to light the curious ideas which prevail in some parts of the country about literary property, but they are ideas which one naturally expects to meet with among those who have never known anybody who possessed literary property, or made any money out of it. The notion that there can be property in the expression of ideas, has owed its acceptance in every country to familiarity with the spectacle of authors receiving money from publishers. People who are not familiar with this spectacle are to this day puzzled by the author's objection to having his language reproduced and sold by somebody else. Those whose opposition to the bill was based on the fear that international copyright would make foreign books dearer, we feel sure will, two years hence, be unwilling to recall this particular objection. The gain for American fame and moral influence throughout the civilized world, through the passage of the bill will be very great.

"Thank heaven, the Senate is still a deliberative body!" Such must be the exclamation of every thoughtful person who follows the discussion of the Force Bill which has just been opened in that body. This extraordinary measure was rushed through the House by "the American Bismarck" at such lightning speed that the public was not permitted to learn all of its outrageous features, and the Senate debate furnishes the first opportunity for that careful consideration which is so imperatively demanded. The feature of Friday's proceedings was a forcible speech from Mr. Gray of Delaware, who laid especial stress upon the domiciliary section, so called. This section provides that a Federal supervisor of elections (to be selected as a "discreet" man) may make a house-to-house visitation to inquire as to names, politics, nationality, etc., of the male inmates. Mr. Gray fitly characterized that official as "this czar that is to be, this satrap of a province;" and said with entire truth that, "in all the measures which provoked and goaded our ancestors to resist the tyranny of the British King, there was none that approached the infamy of this provision." It is astonishing to learn that Mr. Edmunds of Vermont defended such a proposition. Mr. Teller of Colorado admitted that Mr. Gray's denunciation was none too severe, and even Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts seemed to be ashamed of it, and admitted that the Senate Committee had felt constrained to strike it out of the Lodge Bill as "the American Bismarck" sent it over.

The vote of the Convention of the Farmers' Alliance, in session at Ocala, Florida, protesting in decisive language against the passage of the Force Bill, has struck the Republicans in Washington full in the face, and they have begun with one accord to tell each other that the Alliance is an adjunct of the Democratic party, and that the action taken at Ocala was prompted by the Democratic leaders, etc., etc. Looking at it in this light, they say that they shall not abate one jot of their earnestness in pushing the bill through. On the contrary, they will drive it along all the more vigorously. So be it. They will drive to their own destruction all the more rapidly. There is not a scrap of evidence to show that the Alliance is an adjunct of the Democratic party, or that its opposition to the Force Bill has been inspired by Democratic politicians. In the West an influential section of the Republican press is quite as much opposed to the Force Bill as the Alliance itself, and it is quite as fair to say that the latter has been inspired by Republican newspapers in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Illinois as to say that it has been prompted by Democratic Senators in Washington. But the air of defiance which the followers of Messrs. Lodge and Hoar have set up against the Ocala resolution is "all put on." The action of the Alliance has given them a severe shaking up. The Force Bill is weaker among its pretended friends than it was before. It will encounter pitfalls in unexpected places as it goes along, and if it finally passes it will go a long way to bring about a community of feeling between the Alliance and the Democrats which would not otherwise exist, or certainly not to the same extent.

Senator Gorman on Monday made some excellent remarks, as far as they went, on the financial situation. Although they came in incidentally as a pendant to a speech on the Force Bill, they served a good purpose, first by showing that there is a subject of vastly greater public interest at this moment than any party question, and secondly by stating that the minority party of the Senate would gladly coöperate with the majority in measures for financial relief without seeking to obtain any partisan advantage therefrom. Mr. Hoar, who seems to have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner, would have nothing of the kind. He insisted that the debate on the Force Bill should go on, and the Senate, in a bewildered way, but with evident reluctance, sustained him. Mr. Gorman referred to the action of the Secretary of the Treasury in offering to buy six millions of bonds, and actually buying eight millions. This, he said, was only a drop in the bucket. The eight millions would disappear as rapidly as the great disgorging of Treasury money last September had disappeared. There are two measures of relief that would not be drops in the bucket, but would be whole buckets well filled, and fortunately neither of these would cost anything. One is to *repeal the Silver Bill.* The other is to amend the National Bank Act so as to save the system from the process of slow decay that has been for years, and is still, withering it away. Repeal of the Silver Bill is the most important, because that will restore confidence in the standard of value. Hoarded gold will then come out of its hiding-places, and with it will come the confidence which represents ninety per cent. of the exchanges which pass daily through the banking institutions of the country. So, and not otherwise, shall we recover the confidence of European capitalists, who have it in their power to send back upon us a perfect avalanche of our securities.

That "fool of a bill," the McKinley tariff, contains a clause (perhaps we should say another clause) which is producing great confusion in business. It is in these words:

> "Sec. 6. On and after March 1, 1891, all articles of foreign manufacture such as are usually or ordinarily marked, stamped, branded, or labelled, and all packages containing such or other imported articles, shall be plainly marked, stamped, branded, or labelled in legible English words, so as to indicate the country of the origin; and unless so marked, stamped, branded, or labelled they shall not be admitted to entry."

Probably the design of this clause was to prevent American dealers in hardware from selling pocket-knives manufactured abroad bearing their own stamp on the blades as an advertisement. The American manufacturers of pocket cutlery have been pushing for a measure of this kind during several years, but they did not want to show their hand by restricting the provision to their own particular wares. So the clause came out of the Committee in the shape of a general act. And now the dealers in hosiery, for example, want to know whether each pair of stockings must be stamped with the word England, France, Germany, or Switzerland, as the case may be. Stockings are "usually" stamped with the maker's name, but not with the name of the country. Piece goods usually bear a label showing the quality and the number of yards, and containing a blank for the retailer to put his selling price on. Gloves are always marked with a number showing the size. Must all these things, *i. e.*, each separate one, because they are "*usually* marked, branded, stamped, or labelled," bear an additional mark showing the country where they are made? It is customary for the makers of chinaware to put a small device on the bottom of plates and cups and saucers, which buyers recognize as the

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trade-mark of Dresden, Worcester, Derby, Sèvres, etc. Must each one of these be stamped with the word Germany or England or France, as the case may be? And must a Jurgensen watch be stamped "Denmark"? Fire brick usually have the maker's name stamped on them for the obvious reason that it carries a guarantee of quality. An importer of fire brick (the duty on which has been largely advanced by the McKinley Bill) recently asked the Treasury Department whether an invoice could be entered without having the name of the country stamped on each brick. He was informed through the Collector of New York that the sixth section of the bill was evidently not intended to apply to rough articles like fire brick. The degree of roughness allowed will constitute one of the delicate questions to be passed upon by the new Board of General Appraisers, but how soon they will get around to it is very doubtful, for the *Dry Goods Economist* tells us that the nine general appraisers appointed for the whole country "are unable to keep pace with the protests filed at New York alone." According to a *Tribune* despatch from Chicago, the Importers' Bureau, of that city, numbering 300 members, has forwarded a letter to the Treasury Department asking a construction of the sixth section. To carry out literally the terms of the law, they say, is impossible.

The Collector of the Port has, we are sorry to see, waived the legal McKinley duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem on Koch's lymph. How, he may ask, ascertain the value? Certainly not by cost of production, for the cost of production cannot be got at. Nor can it be ascertained by analysis, for we have no chemist competent to analyze it. The composition is as yet Koch's secret. The value really lies in the effect the lymph produces, and this our Board of Appraisers are entirely competent, under the Customs Administrative Act, to fix for themselves. It seems to us this learned body cannot fix the value too high. We should say $1,000 a grain would not be too high, if the stories told about the curative powers of the lymph are true. At this rate it would either bring in a handsome revenue to our Government, or afford full protection to our domestic bacteriologists. If any one thinks this a low view to take of the matter, we would ask him to explain the object of this section of the McKinley tariff:

> "(75.) All medicinal preparations, including proprietary preparations, of which alcohol is not a component part, and not specially provided for in this Act, 25 per cent. ad valorem. Calomel and other mercurial medicinal preparations, 35 per cent. ad valorem."

Now, one of two things is true: either this section was enacted with a thoroughly fiendish desire to prevent or make it difficult for sick and suffering people to procure remedies for their diseases, or it was enacted with the view of protecting domestic compounders of medicinal preparations. Common charity compels us to put the latter construction on it, and if this construction be well founded, the Koch lymph ought to be taxed at such a rate as to enable American bacteriologists to reap the large profits which Koch will reap (or, rather, might reap, were he bent on gain) by the sale of his article in this country. True, we have as yet no American lymph, but we shall have one soon, as good as Koch's, if not better, for surely the tariff will produce it. We cannot doubt this, after what all the great men in Washington tell us. They meant by section 75 not only to protect existing medicinal preparations, but all future preparations, from foreign competition. They meant, in short, to stop or hinder nasty, un-American, cheap cures. No self-respecting American, they maintain, would like to get rid of any disease, however loathsome or dangerous, at small cost.

The McKinley Committee of the French Chamber has agreed upon a schedule of duties on live stock and meat products. On beef the duty is 25 francs per 100 kilos, or $5 per 220 pounds. On salted pork the duty is 20 francs per 100 kilos. These rates are so high that the actual prohibition of American pork may, perhaps, be now removed without any benefit to us or any damage to the French swineherds. If it should turn out otherwise, the French McKinleyites could easily advance the duty, and no doubt would do so. When the new schedule goes into effect and the prohibition is removed, we shall look for some suitable expression of satisfaction on the part of Minister Reid, who contends that it is not high duties on pork that we object to, but the imputation put upon the health of our swine.

The Argentine Republic has gone into the protective-tariff business in a way that must delight the heart of McKinley, if imitation is the sincerest flattery; but it will, we fear, dash the hopes of Benjamin Harrison. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* brings us the text of the new Act, imposing duties on imports, decreed by the legislative body. It is avowedly protective, and largely so, although we have not found any items that match the McKinley duty on pearl buttons. This measure has been enacted by the Argentine Government since our tender of Reciprocity was made in the McKinley Bill. Turning now to President Harrison's message, we read that he considers the reciprocity clause, as it was passed, very skilfully adapted to secure the free admission of our products into countries producing sugar, coffee, tea, and *hides*. The Argentine Republic is a very large producer of hides, and we use more of them probably than any other country in the world. "This reciprocity provision," said the President, "is more than an offer. Our part of the bargain is complete: delivery has been made; and when the countries from which we receive sugar, coffee, tea, and hides have placed on their free lists such of our products as shall be agreed upon, as an equivalent for our concession, a proclamation of that fact completes the transaction, and in the meantime our own people have free sugar, tea, coffee, and hides." Exactly so. Now, about what time shall we expect that the Argentines will relax the provisions of this new protective tariff in order that President Harrison may not feel it incumbent on him to put a duty of one and one-half cent per pound on hides, and by so doing make Massachusetts permanently a Democratic State? This is a problem for the first class in logic.

South America has caught the infection of tariff revision, in the Republican understanding of the term, and higher rates of duty are announced as soon to be put in force in several countries. The Argentine Republic was earliest in the field with its new tariff, which, while based in some of its parts upon the country's need of a greater revenue, is, as we have said, also frankly protectionist. Now comes Brazil, with its rapid and effective way of putting laws in force by decree of the "Generalissimo" Fonseca—how Speaker Reed must envy him!—enacting from the 15th of November an entirely new schedule of customs rates. This new tariff comprises 1,085 articles, and shows in general a great advance of rates all along the line. On manufactures of woollen, cotton, and all clothing in general, the increase in tariff taxation is 20 per cent. Most silk goods, with gloves and manufactures of leather, go up from 10 to 15 per cent. The rates on furniture are augmented by 20 per cent. Flour and corn, potatoes, tea, beer, and many manufactures of iron and steel, remain as in the old tariff. The Government also proposes to revise its export duties, with a view to abolishing them in the end. The present export tax is about 11 per cent. on coffee, although 4 per cent. of this goes to the province where the coffee is grown; thus the central Government could remit only the 7 per cent. falling to its share. Peru, too, is to put a new tariff in force on February 1. It will interest the American hog to know that this tariff will put a prohibitory duty on lard. In general, it is clear that the South American republics are getting into fine position to dicker with Mr. Blaine.

According to the *Tribune*, the real object of King Kalakaua's present visit to the United States is to sell his country to the State Department. It appears that he and his subjects, though loving national independence much, love sugar bounties more. Accordingly, seeing that, under the McKinley Bill, American sugar-growers are to receive two cents a pound bounty on their sugar, the local arithmeticians have calculated what this would bring in to Hawaiian sugar-men were they American citizens, and find it would be about $5,000,000 a year. The people feel, according to the *Tribune's* correspondent, that to refuse such an offer as this for their country would in these hard times be madness, and they have accordingly sent their sovereign here to try to make a sale of the islands and their contents to Mr. Blaine. "It is believed that the Administration will receive Kalakaua's overtures with favor," because it would enable us to cover Hawaii with our tariff, and shut out "the European manufacturing nations." Kalakaua will, it is said, take "a tidy sum down, and

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a moderate pension" for his kingdom, and his subjects will be satisfied with the sugar bounty. How they will like the high prices under our tariff when the European manufacturing nations "are shut out" of their market, does not appear. Nor is it yet known how long the sugar bounty will stand. But Hawaii would be a beautiful new State to make "blocks of five" in, and why should not Kalakaua be returned as a Senator to vote under the direction of Mr. George Hoar? As to the high prices, a short stumping tour from Speaker Reed and the Scholar next summer would clear the Hawaiian mind on that topic. With dear American clothes on, their whole nature would be elevated and ennobled.

John Wanamaker called attention in the Philadelphia *Press* of Monday to sundry bargains offered at his counter, and among other things said:

"This Dress Goods stock is the most varied in the world. Put with it the twin fact, *the cheapest*, and the result is that Holiday Dress Goods should be bought here."

The italics are Mr. Wanamaker's own, and they call more pointed attention to his offence against the new code of morals—a code thus summarized by a political economist of Philadelphia, Mr. Henry Carey Baird, on the 16th of October last:

"Cheapness is the fetish of the Englishman. Let us then have done with this cheapness and with its advocacy."

Is the Postmaster-General turning a free-trader?

There has probably never been a greater surprise in the way of bequests to educational institutions than that caused by the revelation that a leather merchant of this city, who died last month and who was entirely unknown to the general public, left more than two million dollars to a score of colleges and universities in different parts of the country; the sum given in most cases being $100,000. Outside of the "Swamp," in which Mr. Daniel Fayerweather passed his business life, his very name was never heard of, and his large wealth not only was unsuspected by people generally, but has proved a surprise to some of those who were long brought into trade relations with him. The discovery that an entirely obscure man has accumulated a fortune which enables him to leave $2,100,000 to educational institutions, and $95,000 more to hospitals, besides making ample provision for his relatives, is a startling illustration in itself of the growth of wealth in this country. In fact, one who notes the record of deaths day by day cannot fail to be struck by the number of millionaires of whom he never heard, no matter how close a reader he may be in these days, when it sometimes seems as though everybody's name got into the newspapers.

Mr. Stanley gave to the public last week, in a connected way, his version of what has come to be known as the Rear-Column Scandal, introducing it with a brief narrative of the Emin Relief Expedition, more particularly described in his book. The official report to the Emin Relief Committee stated merely that the rear column had been wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, the neglect of their promises, and their indifference to written orders. In the book he gives particulars which justify this censure, but he does not go outside of the text of the official report. If the verdict of mankind were to be made up on the matter thus supplied, it would justify Mr. Stanley, perhaps, but with the proviso that he expected too much from men inexperienced in the kind of work put before them, and that he did not exercise good judgment in the choice of a commander of the rear column. On the latter point Mr. Stanley pleads guilty, but gives the reasons which led to his selection of Barttelot—reasons which would probably have controlled most men in his situation. The relatives and friends of Barttelot could not rest satisfied with a censure on that person's want of resolution and his inattention to orders. They must needs make an attack on Stanley, who was hundreds of miles distant during the whole time that intervened between his putting of Barttelot in command of the rear column and the latter's death. So far as the charge of enmity on the part of Stanley against Barttelot goes, this is disproved by the mere fact of separation and isolation. If it was not an act of enmity to put Barttelot in command, the charge falls to the ground, because the two men never saw each other afterwards or held any communication with each other. The attack of Barttelot's friends, however, called for some answer, and it was with evident reluctance that Stanley told in a guarded way what Bonny, the man who succeeded to the command of the rear column, had told him of the causes of the wreck of that column—a tale of cruelty, violence, and inhumanity that has seldom been surpassed in the world's history.

The question arises whether the expedition, on the whole, was not a tremendous mistake. We think that it was. What was its net upshot? Several hundred lives were lost, fearful sufferings were incurred, twenty-one thousand pounds were spent—for what end? To deliver from the Mahdists one irresolute and rather ridiculous European savant, who did not know whether he wanted to be delivered or not, and a few hundred Egyptians, who, according to the best accounts we can get, were not worth so much, man for man, as the Zanzibari slaves who lost their lives toiling through the African jungle to save them. These Egyptian officers and soldiers were robbers by nature and education. They plundered the natives of the country where they had been planted. They mutinied every other day. They imprisoned Emin and Jephson, and they conspired to put Stanley and his men to death in order to get their ammunition and goods. They were as distinctly inferior to the Mahdists who were pressing against them from the north as they were to the Zanzibaris who came with Stanley to their relief. For these despicable creatures all the horrors of the expedition, including the rear-column scandal, were incurred. If civilization has gained, on the other hand, a display of heroism and perseverance under difficulties rare in the world's history, it is seen that even this may be purchased at too dear a price—much too dear when we take into the reckoning the shocking example set by the rear column to the tribes of Equatorial Africa.

The Parnell contest has ended, as it seemed most likely to end from the beginning, in the disruption of the Irish Parliamentary party, 45, or about half, seceding under the leadership of Justin McCarthy, and the remainder adhering to Parnell, who wound up the discussion, in Reed fashion, by refusing to put a motion for his own deposition. The fight will now be transferred to Ireland, by some sort of appeal to the constituencies. How it will end there it is difficult as yet to foresee. There have been some scattering adhesions to Parnell from some public bodies, but the chances are that deliberation and the influence of the Catholic clergy, and a fuller view of the consequences of the strife on English opinion, will in the end complete Parnell's ruin as a leader. The theory that he is suffering from mental unsoundness is not wholly without foundation, and will very likely, before all is over, explain the "magnificent courage" which is now the object of a good deal of rather idiotic admiration. Labouchere's *Truth* tried to defend him in the beginning by describing the attack on him as "a quarrel with the skilled commander of an army in the midst of a battle," and asked:

"Would any one in his senses have suggested that the Duke of Wellington ought to have been cashiered when Napoleon was marching on him in Belgium if some divorce suit had gone against him in England? Would, under similar circumstances, the Germans have insisted on the retirement of Count Moltke when they were besieging Paris and the Army of the Loire was threatening them? The French would never have rendered themselves ridiculous by suggesting this, for all would have known that the advice was not due to any respect for a high moral standard, but designed to injure the enemy."

This is not a good parallel. Nobody has as yet asked Parnell to resign because he has been taken in adultery. He is asked to resign because two-thirds of his army will not fight under his orders. If two-thirds of Wellington's troops at Waterloo had, on discovering that he was philandering with another man's wife at Brussels during the fight, refused any longer to obey his orders, he would have been deposed promptly, not because of his sexual immorality, but because his conduct had made defeat certain if he remained in command. This is Parnell's case. The English Liberals will not serve with him, and the question before the Irish is not whether the English are unreasonable, but whether the Irish can win without their aid. To ask this question is to answer it. Abuse of Gladstone and Morley, under the circumstances, has a drunken air. But we who see an embezzler of public funds retained in the chief management of a great party, in spite of full exposure, must not be too hard on Parnell's benighted adherents.

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SUPERINTENDENT PORTER IN SELF-DEFENCE.

MR. ROBERT P. PORTER, Superintendent of the Census, opens his article in the *North American Review*, upon "Partisanship and the Census," with the statement that the "general and current interest just now exhibited in the census is a sufficient reason for considering the subject from a different standpoint" than an "entirely statistical" one. He accordingly devotes some portions of his space to replying in kind to what he styles the "frenzical attacks on the eleventh census," the "broadside after broadside of invective," the "wild crusade," the "unearthing of deep-laid conspiracies," and the "patching together of some hideous monstrosity," which he says have, during the last two months, "strained" the "variegated resources of sensational journalism."

Whether the results of the eleventh census are substantially accurate or not is a question of great and far-reaching importance. Upon those results depends the representation during the next decade of the several States in the lower house of Congress and in the Electoral College. Errors much less extensive than have been charged would be sufficient to reverse the result of a Presidential election as close as that of 1876, or the political complexion of a House of Representatives as evenly divided as was that of the Fifty-first Congress when it was organized. Long after the census of 1900 has corrected any political injustices which mistakes in that of 1890 may have occasioned, those mistakes will render doubtful and uncertain all statistical calculations extending over considerable periods of years. The defective census of 1870 still embarrasses every study of the rates of increase of the population as a whole, of the relative growth of the North and South, and of the comparative fecundity of the white and colored races.

The most serious reason for questioning the truth of the census results is the fact that, to accept them, we must believe that the rate of *natural* increase—that is, of course, the increase due to the excess of births over deaths—has suddenly, during a single decade, and after making proper allowance for the omissions in the census of 1870, dropped nearly or quite one-third. On this question Mr. Porter has not a word to say. He dwells upon an error in these columns, by which we made the average percentage of decennial increase from all causes during the two decades 3.72 per cent. too great, not mentioning the fact that the correction of the error was promptly published. He elaborately discusses the changes in the aggregate rate of increase, but he ignores the fact that immigration added 10.45 per cent. to our population during the decade from 1880 to 1890, as against about 7.50 per cent. per decade during the twenty years preceding. If the gain by immigration be deducted, it appears that the average gain by natural increase per decade during the two decades from 1860 to 1880 was 18.50 per cent., as against 14.40 per cent. in the decade from 1880 to 1890. The average of the two preceding decades was lowered by the waste of life and the diminished birth-rate occasioned by the war, and yet the rate of natural increase was more than one-fourth greater in those decades than, according to the census, it was from 1880 to 1890.

Mr. Porter replies to the criticism based upon the diminished rate of *natural* increase by asking, "Who can explain a variation of 23.96 per cent. between the [aggregate] increase [of Mass.] from 1810 to 1820 (10.85 per cent.) and that from 1840 to 1850 (34.81 per cent.)?" And, after stating that the widest variation in the United States figures is but 13.75 per cent., being between 36.38 per cent. (1800-1810) and 22.63 per cent. (1860-1870), by asking, "Why should certain variations in percentage in the United States figures be taken as presumptive evidence of fraud or incomplete enumeration, when larger variations in the Massachusetts figures have never been assailed by the same critics?" Such a reply shows that Mr. Porter supposes that none of the readers of the *North American Review* are possessed of elementary statistical knowledge. Respect for the Superintendent of the Census and for the President who selected him for that position, forbids us to entertain the only other explanation of this most extraordinary reasoning. To compare the fluctuations of the rate of increase in the population of a State of very restricted area, dependent as those fluctuations are upon the state of trade and industry at different periods, and when no statistics of inter-State migration exist, with like fluctuations in the rate of increase in a continental empire for which approximately accurate records of immigration have long been kept, is to trifle with the intelligence of the public.

No one doubts that, as a rule, the "percentage of increase in population grows smaller as the country grows larger, for the numerical increase becomes a percentage of a constantly increasing number." But the principal reason why this is a rule is, that, as the country becomes more thickly populated, immigration usually declines absolutely, and almost always relatively to the resident population. This reason does not exist in this country at this time, for immigration during the last decade was absolutely nearly twice as great as during any preceding decade, and relatively greater than in any decade except that from 1850 to 1860. We do not for a moment lose sight of the probability, so strong as to approach a certainty, that the birth-rate is decreasing in this country. But it is not possible that the decrease could have been as great and as sudden as the census returns would indicate. The pains at which Mr. Porter has been to evade this, the one criticism which, as it cannot be made a subject for partisan dispute, is the criticism which, if unanswered, will be most damaging, would seem to show that he has nothing to say upon it. The tone in which his article is written, while it may be due in some part to a natural irritation at what he conceives to be the injustice and exaggeration of some of the attacks upon him, shows quite plainly that he is conscious that the Census Office will, on the whole, fare better if the controversy concerning its methods and its results can be carried on as a quarrel rather than as a discussion.

There is abundant reason why he should think so, although it is probable that many unfounded attacks and many ill-informed criticisms have been made upon him and his work. It is doubtless true, as he says, that a deliberate scheme to count down Democratic States could not have been carried out without taking hundreds or thousands of the enumerators into the plot, and thereby infallibly making it public. It is also true that the enumerators were appointed by the supervisors throughout the country, and not by the Superintendent of the Census, and it may be that it would not have been practicable to select them by competitive examination; yet it is also true that when, as was largely the case, active Republican politicians were selected for census supervisors because they were active Republican politicians, and when those active Republican politicians saw that the Superintendent of the Census had declined to permit the employees under him to be selected by the merit instead of the spoils system, it was inevitable that most of them should use their patronage to strengthen the party machine.

Mr. Porter must have known that such would be the case. He must have known that the result of confining the selection of enumerators in most of the supervisors' districts to one party would be to get a class of men inferior, on the average, to those who would have been appointed had the selection been made from the whole body of the people, without respect to party. He must have known that the natural consequence of making in this way the Census Office a part of the Republican Machine would be to make the Democrats throughout the country suspicious of the census, and ready to believe any charges against it which might be made. He must have known that such charges were, in any event, certain to be brought, as in this country every census must disappoint extravagant expectations. He must have had some forebodings then that experience would show, as he very truthfully states experience has shown, that the act of Congress required the enumerators to get too much information, and made inadequate provision for their compensation, and that under such circumstances an appreciable portion of the population would almost certainly be omitted, and ground thus afforded for the criticism which his own course as to appointments would make bitter and determined. That, under such conditions, and with such knowledge, he should still have persisted in refusing to take his office out of politics in the only way he could make the country understand he was taking it out of politics—namely, by including his bureau force in the classified civil service, and by selecting the persons he would recommend to the President for supervisors solely for their statistical and not at all for their political qualifications—is only another proof of how completely American politicians sacrifice their own reputa-

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tions and the good of the country to the imperious demands of the office-seekers of their party.

AMENDMENTS TO THE INTER-STATE LAW.

Senator Cullom is reported in a Chicago paper as saying that the Inter-State Commerce Committee of the Senate would be called together soon for the purpose of considering the bill introduced last winter (and favored by the Senator) which permits railways to pool their traffic. This particular bill, known as the Dawes Bill, was framed with care so as to allow railroads to divert freight from one road to another according to some agreed proportions, the details of the agreement having previously been filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission and approved by it. This, it will be seen, is a physical pool as distinguished from a money pool wherein earnings are divided. If we ought to have something of the nature of pooling, it is much easier to divide gross receipts; yet if any old sentiment is found opposed to this, a division of traffic is better than nothing. It is not impossible that something of the latter kind might be undertaken as the result of closer relations between competitors, whether allowed by law or not. Chairman Walker's idea of a joint agency involves a division of business, and apparently it would be legal; for a warehouseman or a road may apportion the traffic going beyond its terminus among connections in any proportion, as is now, indeed, done every day at large centres where many diverging lines come together. Mr. C. A. Seward a year ago wrote an opinion upon this point for a Western road. It only now needs an agreement to extend the plan to that large part of our traffic which passes over more than one railway or system to reach its destination.

But a matter of important public policy should be fairly discussed and made lawful if right. The real objection to pooling is, not that the traffic will go over one road rather than another, but that the carriers will take advantage of the opportunity and put up their tariffs to extortionate figures. Promises not to do this avail little in the public mind; yet in this case the conditions appear to make such promises safe. Average freight rates are very much lower in the United States than anywhere else in the world; hence advances in a few instances to adjust commodities or localities to each other might be sustained as to their reasonableness by an appeal to other countries, supposing any such advances to be made. But the great gain would be in putting a check upon the present system, all but universal at the West, of giving "cut rates" to favored shippers and cities. One road is reported upon good authority to be charging up its rebates paid to shippers to its maintenance of way account. This account thus may show generous expenditures upon the track which were not so spent. The devices to cover up such back payments are as wide as human ingenuity. The evil is beyond our search, and the only cure is the removal of the cause as far as possible. Not only are the road and the road's owners the sufferers, but the consequent hurt to honest dealing among merchants is also great; for the straightforward shipper is not the most successful. Thus it is true that property in railroads and in trade is unnecessarily and unjustly damaged through the present condition of affairs. Our great water routes will always prevent any general extortion; a fair public policy towards rail carriers can be followed without fear of it. Indeed, it is now the transportation interests of the country which need protection for the general good.

Another section of the act to regulate commerce deserves attention, and that is the section forbidding a higher charge for a shorter haul. The language of the English Railway Act was followed in framing our own, with this conspicuous exception. The objection to this short-haul clause is that it is contrary to the general spirit of the whole act. It declares beforehand that a certain specific discrimination is wrong of itself; whereas, in other sections only a general principle is stated, the matter of right and wrong in a particular case being left, as it should be, to the Commission. Thus, the clause forbidding undue preference clearly and absolutely prohibits the charging of a larger sum for a shorter haul, whenever such a charge is shown to be unjust. Whether such a charge is unjust or not is a matter of evidence the same as in any other complaint. As the matter stands now, with this prohibition in the law, the Commission must at once decide an ordinary short-haul case against the carrier, even when there is a doubt of the justice of the decision. Congress made the law, and it is not for the Commission to explain it away, except in grave cases. Every carrier and every shipper is entitled to a fair trial wherever a larger sum is charged for a shorter haul, but cannot now have it. Undue preference is declared illegal; that covers unjust violations of the short-haul rule without any further enactment.

Nor is the distinction theoretical merely. For example, a repeal of that section would help us to solve one of our most puzzling transportation problems, that of Canadian railroad competition. Business men realize that it is idle to talk now of forbidding Canadian railroads to carry American products. Too many local interests, from New England to the Northwest, are served by the existing Canadian lines for us to think of cutting these off. And, what is equally important, very many of our own American roads would be seriously injured by a severance of their Canadian connections. On the other hand, with our high-tariff protective policy, it is a great injustice to allow cheap Canadian railways to underbid our more costly roads, while protecting the American manufacturer. It is making fish of one and fowl of another. The American lines are right in calling it unfair. Under these complicated and opposing conditions what shall we do? The striking out of the short-haul clause from the Inter-State Law would help us greatly. The American railroads could then quote the same rates as their Canadian rivals at competing points, and, in case of a rate war, would not reduce their local charges, as now bound to do. If a complaint for undue preference should be brought against them, the Commissioners, untrammelled by specific prohibition, could carefully investigate the whole question, and thus be enabled to render an unbiassed opinion. If that opinion should declare that our own lines were rightly entitled to fair conditions of competition against foreign roads, New England, seeing increased rivalry, would not object. Our national sense of justice would undoubtedly approve such a decision, though we can hardly expect it so long as the short-haul condemnation stands in our law. The justice or injustice of a shorter haul at a higher rate is a question which should be settled according to the merits and circumstances of each particular case.

RAISING PRICES BY STATUTE.

One by one the eminent Republicans who, upon the accession of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, conceived the idea of "running the Government of the country upon business principles," mainly for their own private business profit, are becoming involved in serious financial difficulties. The proto-martyr of this band of unfortunates was John F. Plummer, the most intense and the most voluble of them all. Plummer was such an enthusiastic advocate of more tariff, or of the doctrine of raising prices by statute, that, though a man of somewhat vociferous piety, he took the ground boldly during the Harrison campaign that Protection to American Industry was so sacred and necessary a thing in government that forgery and lying in its behalf were not merely justifiable but laudable proceedings. As Chairman of the Republican Dry-Goods Association, he had printed and distributed tons of documents ornamented with the British flag, and containing forged extracts from British journals, long after the forgeries had been exposed. When he was asked to justify his conduct, he was wont to strike his chest with much violence, and say with full voice: "John F. Plummer wears no man's collar. He is responsible solely to Almighty God and his own conscience." When President Harrison had been elected and had entered upon the duties of his office, Plummer was recognized by him and the party at large as one of the chief "powers" responsible for the Republican victory, and he was summoned to Washington repeatedly to give counsel to the President on the proper conduct of the affairs of the nation.

During the first year of President Harrison's Administration, Plummer was one of the greatest men in the United States. He was offered several offices, including the Postmastership of New York, but declined them all, on the ground that his immense business interests demanded all his attention, that he had neglected these in order to save the country and the tariff system, and that he must neglect

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them no longer. His sole remaining interest in governmental affairs was to get more tariff on goods in his line of trade. He was a great friend of the McKinley idea, but he could not wait to have it tried in practice. On the 20th of last March the sad news fell upon the country that Plummer was embarrassed. He assured his friends that it was nothing very serious, that it was due chiefly to a "heavy drop in the satinet market," and that all would be well again presently. An examination of his affairs showed, however, that while there were liabilities amounting to over a million dollars, it was extremely difficult to find any assets. Then it was said that the great Plummer had been basely deceived by a wicked partner, and that while he had been devoting his talents to the cause of his country, this partner had completely undermined his business and left him penniless. From that time Plummer disappeared from the public eye.

Closely associated with Plummer in his business views and political methods was Mr. Edward H. Ammidown, President of the American Protective Tariff League, and *ex-officio* director of the League's newspaper, called the *Bulletin*. Even Plummer had not greater faith in forged British extracts than Ammidown had, and as for McKinleyism, in that Ammidown followed step by step with McKinley himself. No sooner did he hear McKinley declare that "cheap and nasty go together," and that "cheap merchandise means cheap men and cheap men mean a cheap country," than Ammidown had the following denunciation of cheapness inserted in his *Bulletin:* "The curse of cheapness! The vulture loves his carrion not more than the free-trader longs for cheapness." McKinley had spoken on October 14, and the issue of the *Bulletin* containing Ammidown's curse appeared on October 17.

Why Ammidown loathed cheapness so bitterly did not appear till a few weeks later. When on Wednesday last it was announced that the Rittenhouse Manufacturing Company, in which Ammidown was a controlling stockholder, had failed, Ammidown himself said that the failure was due to the "depression in values caused by the recent Democratic victory. Nobody wants to buy, and trade is dull generally." But the Philadelphia *Press*, whose owner is a member of the American Protective Tariff League, and whose ability to speak with authority we do not presume to question, said: "It is known that Mr. Ammidown, acting either for himself or the company, put $1,000,000 in wool during the months of June and July, intending to take advantage of a rise in the market following the passage of the new Tariff Bill." This showed, if it were the true version, that the failure was due to the provoking slowness of the American people in understanding the beauties of the McKinley Bill, and in refusing to recognize the cursed nastiness of cheapness as quickly as McKinley and Ammidown had recognized it. If the people had rejoiced over the opportunity Ammidown had given them to buy at higher prices, the million dollars that he "put in wool" would have brought him a fair return instead of a failure. It is very discouraging business to attempt to benefit one's country by raising prices by statute, if the people do not coöperate cordially by buying at the raised prices.

Scarcely had the shock of Ammidown's failure subsided when the news came that Mr. Delamater, who ran as Mr. Quay's candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania last month, but who failed of election through want of proper coöperation on the part of the people, had been obliged to suspend business as a banker. An examination of his affairs showed that $100,000 of the State's funds and $50,000 of county funds, which had been deposited in his bank, had disappeared and left no sign. There were great liabilities and no assets worth mentioning. So bad was the condition of affairs that some of Mr. Delamater's friends are denouncing him as a swindler. If the people of Pennsylvania had consented to support the bank by putting Mr. Delamater into the Governor's chair, it is confidently believed by Mr. Delamater's sympathizing friends that he would have tided over his financial difficulties. Mr. Quay appears to take this view, for in an interview in Washington on Sunday he said: "I cannot understand why Mr. Delamater kept the condition of his financial affairs from his friends. Something might have been done to tide matters over, or at least to break the force of the blow." Mr. Quay speaks from experience, for he "tided over" two much more serious affairs than this while he held State offices, and he did it in both instances by helping himself to the funds in the State Treasury, to the aggregate amount of $660,000.

Now, on the heels of the Delamater misfortune comes the news that a former partner of Col. W. W. Dudley in the banking business has brought suit against him for $52,633, which he declares Dudley obtained by "fraud and deceit" while in business with him. The partner declares of Dudley:

> "He had no capital whatever in the firm, and carried on a system of fraud and deceit for his own benefit and credit, and to the injury of our firm, which he caused very great losses in 1886. He speculated for himself and family, and often entered his transactions in the accounts of many people of prominence in the highest official circles, the Senate and ladies prominent in society, many of whom state that they never gave him orders to buy and sell such stocks. He fraudulently transferred stocks from one account to another for his own benefit, which facts are duly entered in our books, and an expert examination now shows the truth of these statements."

The partner, A. E. Bateman of Wall Street, says further that Dudley confessed verbally and in writing to his deceitful doings, but Dudley denies it all in interviews and says the charges are "outrageously false." Still, he admits that the business was disastrous, which shows that his business views of politics have not brought him success.

We might add to this list of unfortunates the name of the good Mr. Wanamaker, who is credited with such serious losses in railway speculative ventures that he has been obliged to mortgage his house in Washington; but it would convey an erroneous impression to say that he is in danger of business failure, for he emphatically declares that he is not. He, like all the other Republican leaders named, has been paying somewhat heavily for rudimentary knowledge as to the workings of governmental principles.

PENSIONS WHICH ARE NEEDED.

We hope the Commission which is now sitting "for the proposal of amendments to the judiciary articles of the [N. Y.] Constitution" will, before its labors are over, consider seriously the need for some provision in the nature of a pension, at least for such judges as are removed from the bench at the age of seventy by the constitutional limitation, or whose terms expire when they are in the neighborhood of that age.

The judges of the United States Courts are now the only judges in the country who can look forward to old age, or to the failure of their powers while on the bench, with that peace of mind which is absolutely necessary for the proper discharge of judicial duties. In this State the term of the judges of the Court of Appeals is substantially a life tenure. That is to say, the average retention of office under a life tenure does not exceed fourteen years, owing to the generally late period at which a lawyer reaches the bench of the higher courts. But the age limit of seventy years in this State has inevitably great terror for a man who is elected between fifty and sixty, and has no accumulated property, or but very little. The prospect of being turned on the world at any time after seventy is one which no judge who does not possess private fortune can face without great trepidation. It must inevitably, especially if he has women dependent upon him, fill his life during the last half of his term with torturing anxiety. He has, after fourteen years' service on the bench, or still more after twenty-eight, not only lost all practice at the bar, but has lost the habits of mind which make practice easy; and when he attempts to build up a new practice, or recover some shreds of his old one, he has to contend with younger men in his own calling, and seek clients among a younger generation which knows nothing of him as an advocate. Elderly men do sometimes achieve success in such a recurrence to an old pursuit, if they attack the problem before sixty, but the cases are so rare that they will not support any generalization. The rule is, that a lawyer who leaves the bench, after fourteen years' service, between the ages of sixty and seventy, and has no professional connection to fall back on, is left practically without resources.

We do not propose to argue that an old judge in this condition is a great discredit to a civilized State. We think he is, but the sentimental view of the matter is not the strongest one. We say that a judge who has this prospect staring him in the face during the last half of his term of office cannot do his duty properly. It is this prospect which explains, and would, if anything could, excuse, the scandal of judges speculating on the Stock Exchange, of which we have had some recent and melancholy

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examples. We do not pretend to have any knowledge of the facts of any of these cases, but we feel very sure that in every one of them the impelling motive was the necessity of making some provision for old age. Stock speculations involve tremendous mental disturbance for a man in any calling, but we do not think there is any which they are likely to affect so prejudicially as the judicial calling. It is not simply that they destroy the intellectual serenity which is one of the first needs of the judicial office, but they create relations and obligations which may ruin judicial impartiality or end in downright corruption. This is all true and deplorable, but we say deliberately that the people of the State of New York would have no right to complain if such cases, now happily rare, were to become very numerous.

Why would they have no right to complain? Simply because all public as well as private service has to be arranged with reference to the wants and weaknesses of human nature. We recognize this in our private business, but, for some inscrutable reason, we shut our eyes to it in our public business. When a private corporation wants the services of a first-rate lawyer, it pays him in such a way as to secure the full exercise of his powers and to raise him above all temptation as long as he remains in its employ. But if the public hires him, it makes such terms with him that it keeps him constantly on the lookout for some means of bettering his condition if he be an energetic, ambitious man, and keeps him in a condition of smouldering anxiety about his own future or that of his family if he be a quiet, studious, sensitive, or phlegmatic man. Either condition impairs seriously the usefulness of a judicial officer.

It may be said, and is said, that a judge should provide for his old age, as other men are expected to do, by saving as he goes along. The answer to this is, that the salaries of judges everywhere except in this city are notoriously inadequate, and have not kept pace either with the increased cost of living or the rise in the incomes of leading men at the bar, or the salaries in other callings. The salaries in this city, $17,500, are not a bit too high, considering what the cost of living in the city is, and considering that we allow a judge to be saddled at the very outset of his career by enormous assessments for the benefit of nominating organizations. That is, we compel, or allow to be compelled, every judge to pay a large sum for the mere chance of being elected. The old rate of $20,000 reduced the salary during the term of fourteen years to about $16,000. A judge cannot save much out of this in New York city in fourteen years, even if he be a saving, careful man. But he may not be a saving, careful man. Judges differ in this matter, just as other men do. Every variety of human nature is to be found among them as among other people, and a great State has to take this into account in making its judicial arrangements. What the State seeks is first-rate judicial service, and it has to take this where it finds it, without looking too nicely into temperaments or dispositions.

There would not have been much use ten years ago in urging these considerations on the attention of the Commission. Even then there lingered in the public mind the old horror of either paying or receiving pensions, with which the early frugal and independent Americans came out of the Revolution. We have got over it bravely. We are now the greatest pension-payers and pensioners in the world. We are rewarding past services to the State with more lavishness and less inquiry than any people has ever displayed. Advantage ought certainly to be taken of this changed view to make better provision for that branch of the public administration on which, far more than on either the army or navy, we are all dependent for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the judiciary.

A NEW SOVEREIGNTY.

With the death of William III., King of the Netherlands and Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the connection between these States is severed, and Luxemburg becomes a separate European sovereignty. The Dutch law of succession makes the late King's ten-year-old daughter, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands under the regency of the widowed Queen Emma; while a family compact, recognized and confirmed by three European treaties, vests the Luxemburg succession in Adolph, formerly Duke of Nassau.

To all good Tories, nothing could be more satisfactory than the peaceful induction of Duke Adolph into his new sovereignty; for a fuller recognition of princely right and of the power of princely compact to dispose of a land and its inhabitants, is not to be found in the whole course of European history. The relationship between the late King and the new Grand Duke is of the most distant; their nearest common male ancestor died in the thirteenth century. But the elder line of Nassau, of which the new Grand Duke is the head, and the younger line of Nassau-Orange, of which William III. was the last male representative, have always kept alive the consciousness of kinship; and as late as 1783 the two branches of the family concluded an "Erbverein" or treaty of succession, by which, in case of the extinction of the direct male line in either branch, the hereditary possessions of both branches should be united.

At that time the Nassau-Orange prince did not possess the Dutch Kingdom; he was Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic, and his hereditary possessions comprised only four minute German principalities. Luxemburg was not then a Nassau territory, and was not covered by the family compact. But in 1815 the Prince of Nassau-Orange ceded the four little principalities in question to Prussia; the Vienna Congress gave him Luxemburg in their stead; and the Treaty of Vienna expressly subjected Luxemburg to the provisions of the Erbverein of 1783. When, in 1839, the separation of Belgium from Holland was definitively recognized and half the duchy of Luxemburg was ceded to Holland, the treaty of peace confirmed anew the contingent right of the elder line of Nassau in what was left of Luxemburg; and the London treaty of 1867, by which Dutch Luxemburg was neutralized, gave a third endorsement to these claims. Nothing, therefore, could be more legitimate than the succession of the present Grand Duke; and in a century which has witnessed the overthrow of so many thrones and the disallowance of so many hereditary claims, the recognition of the ancient rights of the house of Nassau must be a cheering thing to all good conservatives.

In fact, however, the Grand Duke owes his present position and the Grand Duchy its present independence rather to the mutual jealousy of Luxemburg's two powerful neighbors than to their respect for vested princely rights. In 1867 the Grand Duchy was within an ace of annexation by France. Sadowa had dissolved the old German Confederation, thrust Austria out of Germany, and established a powerful North-German Union under the leadership of an aggrandized Prussia. Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfort had been annexed by Prussia. The French Chambers, the French press, and the French people demanded "compensation," and Napoleon was anxiously in search of some annexable territory. Luxemburg, held by the King of the Netherlands as a personal possession, seemed the most available object. The Duke of Nassau, just expelled from his own duchy by Prussia, seemed little likely to raise any effective protest. The Dutch Parliament had nothing to say in the matter. Napoleon therefore offered to buy Luxemburg from the King of the Netherlands, and the King agreed to sell it. But Germany protested. Luxemburg was historically a German territory. It was not a member of the new North-German Union, but it had been a member of the old Confederation just dissolved; it had joined the Prusso-German Customs Union in 1842; and the fortress of Luxemburg, under the treaties of 1815, was still garrisoned by Prussian troops. For a moment, the dispute seemed likely to lead to an immediate war between Germany and France. Napoleon demanded the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison from Luxemburg, and the Prussian King refused to comply with this demand. But France was not ready to fight, and the dispute was adjusted by a European conference. The London treaty of 1867 left Luxemburg in the hands of the Dutch King; guaranteed the contingent rights of the ex-Duke of Nassau; pronounced Luxemburg a neutral territory, and decreed the razing of the fortifications and the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison. It is this treaty which at present determines the status of Luxemburg.

What is likely to be the future of this new sovereignty? The question is the more pertinent because the new dynasty numbers but three males. The Grand Duke is in his seventy-fourth year, his only son is unmarried, and his only brother is morganatically married, so that a new question of succession is no remote possibility. Strategically, Luxemburg is almost a German enclave. The Prussian Rhine province bounds it on the north and east and the imperial territory of Lorraine on the south. On the west it is

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covered by Belgium. It touches France only on the southwest, and only along a stretch of four or five English miles. Without Lorraine and Metz, Luxemburg would be of no use to France. To Germany, on the other hand, Luxemburg would be of considerable strategic value. If the town were again fortified, it would close the western frontier of Germany in the one open place between Lorraine and Belgium.

Historically, and according to the "principle of nationality," Luxemburg belongs to Germany. Since its division and the cession of western Luxemburg to Belgium, its population is almost entirely German. It still forms part of the German Customs Union. Its most important railroad is a part of the Alsace-Lorraine system, and is managed by Alsace-Lorraine officials. Finally, whatever may be the personal feelings of the new Grand Duke, there is no reason why his official relations with Germany should not be friendly. Unlike other German princes who suffered with him in 1866, he promptly made his peace with Prussia, and resigned all claim to his lost sovereignty. In return, the Prussian Government has since that time supported his claims to Luxemburg, which the Dutch Government showed some inclination to contest.

In the way, however, of any closer political union between Luxemburg and Germany stand the stipulations of the London Treaty and the jealousy of France. The admission of Luxemburg to the German federal system, or a military union, or even an alliance, would be an infringement of Luxemburg's neutrality and a *casus belli* for France, as one of the guarantors of that neutrality. For the Luxemburgers the situation is not without its charm. They escape the great military burdens which weigh upon their neighbors. Were Luxemburg a French province or a State of the German Empire, its peace contingent would be about 2,100 men. As it is, its army consists of 300 men and a major. There is no particular reason for enlarging this force, since it suffices to maintain order, while a landsturm of the entire adult male population would not suffice to protect the territory against even a Belgian invasion.

It seems improbable that the status of Luxemburg can be changed without war; but another Franco-German war will probably terminate its independence. If the French regain Metz, they will be able to use Luxemburg to advantage. If France is beaten, no other Power will be likely to burden itself with the defence of Luxemburg's neutrality. As regards England, Lord Stanley declared in Parliament that she had assumed no obligation except to join in concerted action; that if a single one of the signatory Powers should refuse to aid in the maintenance of Luxemburg's neutrality, England's guarantee would cease to bind her.

THE ARGENTINE CREDIT.

PARIS, November 27, 1890.

TOCQUEVILLE'S work 'De la Démocratie en Amérique' created an immense sensation. Tocqueville prophesied the advent of democracy in all civilized countries, and his prophecy has been well justified. France is now a republic, and the right of suffrage is no longer limited. In England the electorate has been twice increased in a lifetime. Germany, though it has still many remains of feudalism, has an electorate large enough to admit even the Socialist element. Among the dangers which Tocqueville signalled for democracy, he did not count the financial. It is, however, every day more evident that democracies have an irresistible tendency to extravagance and prodigality. No more striking example could be shown than the conduct of the Argentine Republic. Prodigality in the Government, a loose morality in financial matters, private as well as public, but especially public—such are undoubtedly the dangers which a democracy must incur.

What may be called the power of imagination has ceased to exist in a purely democratic community; the idols which Bacon called *idola theatri* have been long forgotten; the prestige attached to great names can no longer counterbalance the power of wealth. Democracy is founded upon a perfect equality of man, but, in the struggle for existence, while there may be equal rights, there are never equal forces; and the struggle for existence becomes of necessity a struggle for wealth. In a highly civilized country like America, which has already a past, a history, glorious names and associations, there are some forces which tend to hinder democracy from becoming a plutocracy: the power of literary or scientific genius is recognized, the memory of great services rendered to the State is generously preserved. Still, with all the influences of religion, of literature, of science, of what really constitutes civilization, notwithstanding the high culture of a large part of the community, it is only too clear that the money power is too much felt, that the pursuit of wealth is too ardent and too absorbing, the steady work of labor and of economy is too often interrupted and deranged by the reckless enterprises of speculation.

In a country like Argentina—a country, so to speak, without a past, without tradition, without a literature, without any intellectual capital—the dangers of democracy are becoming terribly evident. I often stopped, during the last great Exposition in Paris, before what was called the Argentine Pavilion, and it seemed to me very emblematic: it had no style—it was neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor modern (if we apply the word modern to the bold and elegant iron constructions of our time); it was an odd structure, covered with gold and glass, glittering, multicolor, a vast toy, a gigantic plaything. The architect had evidently tried to produce the impression of unlimited wealth. And such was the impression people had at the time, when they spoke of the Argentine Republic. Year after year the Republic borrowed large sums from Europe, but we were told that the resources of the country were boundless, that immigration, like a wave, would soon cover the great plains between the Atlantic and the Andes. There was much truth and some exaggeration in the reports which were made to us; a wise and honest Government would have used the advantages of the country without compromising its credit and its future. But there was little wisdom in the central Government or in the provincial governments; and if we may believe half the stories which have come to light since the revolution, there was a sort of organization of corruption such as the world is not yet accustomed to. Responsibility was felt nowhere, and it will always be little felt where it is too much divided. Politics have become a mere way of making rapid fortunes. The reaction came, as might have been expected, from the commercial classes, for in commerce there is and always will be a real responsibility. Honesty will always be the soul of commerce, and people will never bear in private transactions what they are unfortunately too ready to bear in politics. The movement which ended in the overthrow of the clique which had brought Argentina to the verge of ruin, began in the "Civic Club," a club composed of the heads of the first commercial houses in the country. The merchants risked their lives in order to save their country.

People ask themselves now if the remedy has not been applied too late; the financial crisis continues, the premium on gold is again increasing in the most alarming degree. The great houses of Europe which introduced the Argentine loans to the European markets are combining their action in order to facilitate the liquidation of the present situation. At the same time they are thinking of the means of exercising control over the Argentine Government, and here they touch on a difficult political problem.

The power of capital has been felt in the political field in various circumstances. We have seen the beneficent effects of the interference of the European Powers in Egypt when the extravagance of Ismail Pasha had brought about a revolution in that country. Compare for a moment the price of the Egyptian funds when Ismail was obliged to leave Egypt, and their price at the present time, after several years of labor by the mixed European Commission, after the period which was called the *Condominium*, and after the period of the English occupation. Who would have thought, when the Oriental dream of Ismail Pasha had come to an end, that Egypt would borrow money in 1890 at the rate of 3½ per cent.—would be able to effect the conversion of all its old loans on the most favorable terms? Such, however, has been the result of a few years of order, of reform, of peace; the credit of Egypt is actually better than the credit of some of the oldest monarchies in Europe.

The experiment made in Egypt was repeated in another form in Turkey; here also we see a country on the verge of absolute ruin, unable to reform itself, without any administrators or financiers, and obliged to receive external help in the shape of a financial commission. In this case the pressure of Government was not felt as it was in Egypt, it was not so direct; the intervention had a more private character. Turkey had mortgaged successively a great part of her resources, and the holders of these mortgages formed a permanent commission, which by degrees substituted its action for that of the impotent Turkish administration. The result was the same as in Egypt; the commission has a staff of functionaries, of tax collectors; it has introduced as much order in Turkey as a Mussulman country can bear, and the Turkish funds have slowly emerged from the abyss, and are day by day becoming a little more respectable. Some years ago they were purely speculative; some of the Turkish loans are now looked upon as serious investments.

So long as a nation's credit is so good that its loans need no special hypothecation, it can escape external control; but when special revenues are mortgaged, the mortgagee has an obvious right over them, over their collection and administration. Such has been the case in Egypt and in Turkey. Things have not come to this extremity in the Argentine Republic, and those here who speak already of

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sending to Buenos Ayres a mixed financial commission are confounding cases which are in reality different. The Argentine Republic has so far made loans solely on the strength of its credit, and its general resources are the only guarantee for the payment of the interest. It is difficult to see what a European commission could do. It could not replace the Argentine administration of the general resources of the country; it could not, in fact, govern the country. The case would be different if some special receipts, such as those of the Custom-house, had been given as a special guarantee for the repayment of a certain loan. In that case there would be a door open to foreign intervention.

So far it seems to us that the Argentine Republic may say, as Italy once said, by the mouth of Charles Albert, "L'Italia farà da se"; but we must remember that after having uttered these proud words, Charles Albert led his troops to Novara, and had to abdicate the crown. It is quite possible that the Argentine Republic, if she wishes to dispense too absolutely with the advice and the interference of Europe, may have her Novara; at the same time her European creditors must be careful not to wound the pride of a young, ambitious, and democratic nation. They have not to deal with an absolute government, with an irresponsible sovereign, with a few powerful ministers who have a solid majority in the Parliament; any arrangement made which might be denounced as an insult to the Argentine people, could probably be easily undone by a popular movement. The men who are now in power, and who seem to be, for all we know, the best men that could be found under the actual circumstances, have, therefore, before them a most arduous task. They are like the captain of a ship who, during a terrible tempest, must throw something overboard. What is there to save first and at all risks? It is the national credit. The central Government, in this crisis, may have to sacrifice the credit of some of the provinces and some private institutions. If the central Government is weak, and if the nation, as a nation, loses all credit, there will be no end to the political and financial troubles of the Republic. The country would soon fall into a sort of anarchy; the central Government and the national credit ought, therefore, to be first sustained.

The question of State rights, which at one time convulsed the American Republic, may therefore soon arise. We confess that we do not see that it is the duty of the Federal Government to sustain, at the public cost, the credit of imprudent or dishonest provinces. The European markets have been loaded with loans made by some of the Argentine provinces which may be unable to fulfil their engagements; the Argentine Republic, in the hour of prosperity, gave no special guarantee to these loans; we do not see why, in the hour of adversity, it should come forward and guarantee them. It would inflict too heavy a burden on the people, at the moment when they find it difficult to carry the national load.

The situation of Argentina involves many political questions, as I have tried to show. Time will prove if in this young and somewhat untrained democracy there will be found men strong enough to save their country not only from financial ruin, but from a premature political decrepitude.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

LONDON, November 25, 1890.

We left Italy before the elections commenced, but with a pretty clear idea of how they would end, seeing that, in the presence of one strong, compact party, with a national and international programme, there were four or five factions with either no programme of their own, or one that contradicted that of their quondam colleagues. When, a little more than four years since, the last general elections took place, Cairoli and Baccarini were in the field, Bertani, though he died just as they were commencing, had spent the last weeks, nay months, of his life in organizing the party: his last lines, written the day before his death, entreated Carducci and Aurelio Saffi to accept a seat and retake their position as Radical leaders. Saffi, though he would not again take the oath, was one of the most energetic leaders of the electors in the Romagna, and on the whole the elections went well for the Radicals. Some provinces "went Radical"; all others shared the seats with the Progressists. The programme of Bertani and of men of his stamp, who had spent their lives after 1870 in carrying out the principles they had laid down during the struggle for unity and independence, was the thorough and immediate effectuation of the reforms without which no progress in material and intellectual pursuits could be effected. Why they assailed Depretis was because he, the earliest reformer in the old sub-alpine Chambers (with the one exception of the political Electoral Reform Bill, which was due really to Crispi, Cairoli, and Zanardelli, and which he handicapped with a new "Bill on Oaths"), had not kept his reform pledges, had got into the African muddle, had, in the Triple Alliance, allowed Italy to play third fiddle, and in financial matters had probably made as sad a muddle as it was possible to do, having trusted entirely to Magliani, who held the position of Minister of Finance for ten uninterrupted years. So intense was their anger against him that even when, a few months before his death, Depretis asked Cairoli and Baccarini to join him, they would not.

Crispi and Zanardelli were wiser in their generation. They saw that unless they acceded to his request, the King must appeal to the Conservatives, who had quite other than a reform programme. They knew that the Triple Alliance was renewed; that, after Saati, there was no getting out of Africa, but only a chance of making good the footing *in* Africa. They both went in with the certainty that they could carry the reform bills on which they had set their hearts. They believed that they would be sincerely and thoroughly supported by the large body of Liberals of the different gradations into which the Liberal party has always been broken up, and that only the few anarchists who trade on fishing in troubled waters and the champions of the temporal power would oppose them. In this belief alone they were mistaken. The African policy has been a decided success, and may be regarded as a mission of civilization unmarked by any of the scandals, horrors, and brutalities which have accompanied other nations in "darkest Africa." With regard to Italy's position in the Triple Alliance, no one now disputes her right to be regarded, treated, and consulted as an equal. Nor, despite the dark financial outlook, which no optimism can blink, does any one pretend that a dissolution of the alliance would mend matters, but rather compel Italy to spend more in an isolated position than she now does when her territory is guaranteed by her allies, and when her unwritten alliance with England makes her own naval expenses less heavy to face in the future. Then, in the great matter—the question of commercial treaties with France—the treaties were already denounced, the tariff wars were initiated. Crispi's pledges in this respect for the future are distinct:

> "We have already suppressed the differential duties voted in 1888 against France as an answer to a hostile tariff—entirely a defensive measure this. France, nevertheless, maintains her exclusive measures against our exports, and still we do not retaliate, because the suppression of these differential duties confirms the fact that Italy, forced into the economic war, continues to be animated by friendly feelings towards France. It remains to be seen whether we shall attain any material benefit in return."

Precisely! If not, Italy can't go on crying for spilt milk, or howling over the millions lost by the French customs war. She must make the best of it, and that is what she means to do.

Coming to the starting point, the programme of the Liberals—home reforms—it is by that the present Ministry was bound to stand or fall. It was *in* and *on* reform that they counted on Radical support. Well, the total abolition of licensed prostitution should count for something? Then the passage of the Sanitary Code, which, if not all that Bertani would have made it, is a complete, sweeping reform, if properly applied. The Penal Code just passed has been Zanardelli's life-work. The Clericals abuse its every article because it limits their power to undermine the Constitution; but take the article abolishing the punishment of strikes save when accompanied by violence. Put side by side the "little" law enabling the Government to treat directly with bona-fide workingmen's associations, give them contracts for public works not exceeding at present the sum of 100,000 lire, without the intervention of sweater contractors, without the necessity of a security or money deposit, and with fortnightly payments, only 10 per cent. kept back until the whole work is completed. We need not dwell on the reform of the police, which is imperfect, nor on the reform of communal and provincial assemblies, though the clamorers for universal suffrage might say thank you for having quintupled the administrative electors. But the one radical, able, and immediately applicable reform of charitable institutions would have sufficed to form the glory of any ministry. Two milliards of the "patrimony of the poor"—ninety millions of annual income—are now placed under the administration of men to be chosen by the communal councils, *i. e.*, by men chosen by all the electors who can read and write. The Government only retains in its own hands, or in the hands of the prefects, such power as is necessary to control the local assemblies, *i. e.*, the congregations of charity, in cases of alienation and conversion of the old trusts. Hitherto the funds have been chiefly administered by ecclesiastical authorities; it is natural that they should bewail the change. Naturally, also, the Radicals would, it might be supposed, have assisted and spurred on the Government, and applauded it when the work was complete. But in fact they have no part nor lot in the matter.

Maffi is one of the few Radicals left out in the cold whose absence will make itself felt in the House whenever a bill relating to the labor question is under discussion. It is possible that he may get a seat in the bye-elections, of which there will be many as soon as the members elected in two or more colleges shall have made their choice. But we doubt it. The Anarchists will none of him; for the Socialists he is too practical. We fear that the place which has known this modest, genuine, typical Italian

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workingman will know him no more in the new Parliament.

The moral of all this is, that Crispi and Zanardelli are what we have always believed them to be—radical reformers whose programme is as broad and large and deep as the country is prepared for at present. There is nothing, moreover, in the Radical programme that they are not prepared to grant within the limits of the Constitution. Had we less faith in their patriotism and their liberalism, we should say that they are too strong; that their victory is too complete, the opposition too small. But what is the immediate business of Italy and her statesmen to-day? Economy, economy to the backbone, as Sella used to say; and no one more than a ministry who have been behind the scenes for the last three years can understand the absolute necessity of economy in its full extent. It partly depends on home management: the spenders must be put on half rations, for rations in the shape of fresh taxes cannot be counted on. Then, when all is said and seen, France, in the defeat of the Radical leaders whose blarney has so misled her, will realize that the immense majority of the country is with the Government, and that if Italy and Italian commerce are worth anything to France, she must treat with her representatives on a footing of equality.

On the whole, it is well with Italy. The organs of the Vatican are not of this opinion, which confirms its truth. The English papers, Conservative and Liberal, extol Crispi's victory to the skies—not to the point of giving him Kassala, perhaps; but should it be "found necessary" for Italy to enter therein, little or no opposition will be made. I speak of the opinions expressed yesterday morning on the receipt of the Italian electoral news. This evening the excitement on the Gladstone-Parnell leadership business is such as, to an exile of some thirty years from England, seems incomprehensible. The last time we saw English people so excited was over the "English conspiracy bill," after the Orsini bomb-business.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

"GERMAN LUTHERANS IN POLITICS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of November 20, 1890, contained a correspondence signed "Andover," in which German Lutherans generally, and the Missouri Synod in particular, are "damned with faint praise."

In the guise of a friend and well-wisher of our Synod, "Andover" makes a malicious assault upon it, while attempting to reveal the "causa efficiens" of the Republican defeat in Wisconsin and Illinois. His praise of our Synod in the beginning of his communication would be highly gratifying to us but for the manifest fact that it was intended to serve as a foil more insidiously and effectively to set off at advantage the many severe strictures he makes upon the spirit, doctrines, and practice of that body. The preliminary praise is but the sugar-coating of the bitter pill of detraction beneath. The charges that he makes against the Synod are: "That the entire spirit of the organization [Missouri Synod] is thoroughly un-American, being German, and German, not of the nineteenth but of the sixteenth century; that it is intolerant, full of superstition and fanaticism," and that it is guilty of "fetish-like worship of Luther and his works." How does he support these charges?

In the first place, he censures us for publishing and using Bible histories and school-books in which "the Deity is represented by the artist as an old and rather benevolent-looking gentleman," etc., according to the spirit of the sixteenth century. He does not see fit to tell us in what manner this instance supports any of his charges, and we fail to see anything un-American, intolerant, superstitious, or fanatical in it. If "Andover" finds fault with thus representing the Deity because he shares the Calvinistic view prohibiting the making of any image of the Deity whatsoever, we shall not discuss that matter with him here, but simply remind him of the fact that the great body of Christians do not agree with him. Should he, however, object to the particular manner of the representation of God, then his quarrel is not with us, but with the old masters, Raphael, Michael Angelo, etc., from whom our artist copied.

Furthermore, he criticises our republication of Luther's 'Table Talk.' As to that, permit us to say that this 'Table Talk' or 'Colloquia' has always been an integral part of that edition of Luther's works which we are now republishing, and which has always been considered the best of the various editions of Luther's works. And while it is true that Luther therein occasionally employs homely and rude language in order to forcibly and bluntly express himself in accordance with the manner of his time, no really pure heart and mind stand in danger of being corrupted thereby. He who seeks offence may find it even in Holy Writ. Our "fetish-like worship" of Luther has never carried us so far as to rank even his best and genuine works with any of the books of Scripture, and as to his 'Table Talk,' which is a collection of Luther's small talk, made up by irresponsible parties without Luther's knowledge and consent, we of course value it only in so far as it gives us a fuller acquaintance with a man whose small talk even is worth perpetuating.

"Andover," in order to further sustain his charges, adduces our republication of the 'Altenburger Bibelwerk.' By his remarks thereon it would appear to us that his indignation against said work was aroused rather by the text of the Bible itself, or in particular by such passages thereof as recite divine judgments and punishments that appear too cruel to his "enlightened theology," than by the explanations and applications accompanying these texts. If this be so, his quarrel again is not with us, but with God himself. However, we do not deny that this work, excellent as it is in general, contains in its summaries some of those false notions and peculiar teachings concerning secular authority in church matters, as they prevailed in the established church of the country and the time in which the work was compiled. But is the mere republication of a work containing so many excellent features a justification of any of the charges that he makes against us? Is every one who prints, circulates, and reads similar books therefore to be decried as intolerant and bigoted? Does "Andover" not know what the Puritans did and taught in this respect? Does "Andover" go into convulsions over the actions and teachings of those Pilgrim Fathers in this respect, who even in this "enlightened age" and country are still held up to mankind as examples and ideals to pattern after for all time to come?

"But," "Andover" may say, "if you desire a republication of this work because of its many excellent points, why do you not caution your readers concerning those passages in the summaries which you concede to be erroneous?" Our answer is, we have already done so. Shortly after the appearance of the first edition, these objectionable passages were thoroughly discussed and pointed out in our synodical conferences and publications, and a committee has for some time been at work eliminating such passages for the future editions of this work.

"Andover's" last charge is, that in our teachers' seminary at Addison, Ill., and in some of our official journals until very recently, the doctrine was taught that Christianity and the Copernican system of astronomy are incompatible, and that a genuine belief in the inspiration of Holy Writ required the rejection of the entire science of geology. This statement as made is absurd and untrue. Concerning the Copernican system, we do not condemn it, but do take issue with those who base upon it an argument against the divine inspiration of the Bible. As Christians we plant ourselves upon the words: "It is written," "That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness" (Eph., 4: 14), and "Avoid profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so called" (I Tim., 6: 20); and for that reason we insist upon a radical distinction between philosophy and theology, between human and divine truths: the former is capable of progress—not so with the latter. Divine truth, of course, can and should be better known, understood, and applied; but as to its real nature and essence it cannot be improved—not even in this "enlightened age"—because, being of God, it is immutable as God himself.

We think we have now fully answered all the charges brought against us by "Andover." Permit me now briefly to state the position taken by our Synod as well as that of the Synodical Conference (which embraces the Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, *and one English Lutheran synod*) on the Bennett Law as contained in resolutions passed by said body and which are as follows:

"(1.) Whereas, the Word of God, our rule of life, enjoins upon all Christian parents the duty of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; therefore, all Christians who educate their children in schools are in duty bound to intrust their children who are not yet confirmed in Christian truth, to such schools only as secure the education of children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, while at the same time it is with us self-understood that we are willing to make good citizens of our children, to the utmost of our ability, and that we also endeavor to give them the best possible schooling in the use of the English language.

"(2.) Whereas, in the non-religious public schools, wherever they are conducted in the sense of the non-religious State, not only Christian education is excluded, but also, as a rule, things not in harmony with the Word of God are by way of instruction and discipline inculcated on the children, and the spiritual life of Christian children is thus endangered and impaired; therefore, we as Christians are in conscience bound to submit to no law of the State which is directed or may be used towards forcing our children into such public schools.

"(3.) In accordance with our daily prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' it is our duty to preserve and extend the orthodox Evangelical-Lutheran Church in this our country, and we are, therefore, in conscience bound to combat each and every law which is directed or may be used to the detriment and damage of Lutheran parochial schools, which are effective means of extending and perpetuating the kingdom of God.

"(4.) Forasmuch as our Lord Jesus Christ says, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's,' the separation of Church and State is for all times to be acknowledged as in accordance with the Word of God; and since God has in this country vouchsafed unto us the precious boon of religious liberty, we may not as faithful stewards approve of any legislation which tends toward a confusion of spiritual

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and secular affairs and endangers our religious liberty, and we most cordially approve of combating with legitimate means such laws as have to the detriment and damage of our parochial schools been enacted in the States of Wisconsin and Illinois during the past year, while on the other hand we, for the same reason, *condemn all demands upon the public funds for the erection or maintenance of parochial schools.*

"(5.) For all the reasons stated, we must, as Lutheran Christians, grant our cordial approval to the fact that our brethren in the States of Wisconsin and Illinois have, whether in courts of law or at the ballot-box, taken up and hitherto carried on the contest forced upon them against such laws, and we are, furthermore, determined to make most energetic opposition wherever in other States such or similar legislation may be attempted."

I might add that similar resolutions have been adopted by the Synod of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America, the oldest and largest organization of Norwegians in this country.

Finally, if it be true, as "Andover" says, that the attempt to "translate the Missouri Lutheran views into English has failed," and that "the laity probably lay very little stress upon such theories as are illustrated in the above quotations, and the second generation begins to show that wholesome indifference to dogma which is so characteristic of modern active and enlightened Christianity," then why all this alarm about the Missouri Synod and its doings? "Andover" may rest assured that if the result of the late election in Wisconsin and Illinois be to prevent further interference with our schools, German Lutherans as a body will soon be "out of politics."

Respectfully, H. C. SCHWAN,
President of the German Evang. Luth. Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States.

CLEVELAND, O., November 28, 1890.

[We have received a number of replies to "Andover," and are forced to select. The above will probably be recognized as proceeding from the weightiest source. We cannot continue the controversy.—ED. NATION.]

GRACE AT WASHINGTON'S TABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Owing to absence in Europe, I have only now seen a letter in the *Nation* (September 12, 1890), signed "S. C. C.," concerning an incidental remark of mine that it is known that grace was not said at Washington's table. It is possible that my sentence was not sufficiently guarded, and that at some period Washington may have followed the usage. I have never been able to find any instance of his saying grace recorded by a contemporary; but I have just found this passage in the Rev. E. C. McGuire's 'Religious Opinions and Character of Washington' (1836):

"It may be here added, simply as evidence of his devotional habits, that he always said *grace* at table. On one occasion, from the force of habit, he performed this duty himself when a clergyman was present, an instance of indecorum very unusual with him. Being told, after the clergyman's departure, of the incivility, he expressed his regret at the oversight, but added: 'The reverend gentleman will at least be assured that we are not entirely *graceless* at Mount Vernon.'"

As, however, our dear old Parson McGuire, whom I knew in my school days at Fredericksburg, was credulous, swallowed Weems's cherry-tree and other fables, and followed other uncritical victims of Washington "anecdotage," his story requires verification. The statement in Watson's 'Annals of Philadelphia' ("He always asked a blessing, etc.") cited by "S. C. C." also requires verification, and his "always" modification. In the *Magazine of American History*, June, 1889, is printed a letter from Gov. Roger Griswold to his wife, dated Philadelphia, January 1, 1796, in which, describing a dinner given by the President to the delegations from Connecticut and Maryland, he says: "Six servants in livery attended at the table. We had no grace." A paper read before the American Antiquarian Society in Boston, April 30, 1879, by Hon. Hamilton B. Staples (printed at Worcester) embodies Judge Amariah Frost's diary of a visit to Mount Vernon, June 26, 1797, of himself and Dr. Croker. The four ladies of the family, and young Lafayette and his tutor (Frestal), were the others at dinner. "The President," says Judge Frost, "directed us where to sit (no grace was said)."

McGuire and Watson are therefore inaccurate in saying "always," and I cannot help thinking that even if the custom of saying grace had been usual with Washington, after he became so eminent, more would have been made of it at the time by the many zealous people eager to display every sign of piety in Washington, who in such matters was reserved. We might, for instance, have expected an allusion to it in a letter of Col. Benj. Tallmadge to Rev. Manasseh Cutler (January 11, 1800), on the death of Washington, in which he says, with significant italics:

"Altho' from a long and tolerably intimate acquaintance with him, I have been abundantly convinced of his attachment to the *Christian system*; yet had he been explicit in his profession of *faith in* and *dependence on* the finished *atonement* of our glorious Redeemer for acceptance and pardon, what a conspicuous trait it would have formed in his illustrious character."—*Mag. American Hist., March, 1888.*

That Washington was a religious man I have no doubt whatever; his not saying grace I should attribute to the sensitive reverence which most inclines to shut its closet door when zealots desire to make it "a conspicuous trait."—Respectfully yours,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some of your readers to know that during the recent campaign quite a number of the more prominent Republicans of this State openly withdrew from their party, most of them alleging as the cause the McKinley Bill and the Lodge Elections Bill. Again, during the election, a certain tool of the Administration, for the purpose of getting material in support of the Lodge Bill, went down to one of the black counties to watch the election, and, having been invited into the polling-place, was free to admit that he could see no unfairness.

It is also interesting to note that the negroes seem to have grown discontented with the control of the white Republican minority, and in some counties nominated tickets of their own, in others did not vote at all, and in others voted the Democratic ticket. In a certain township containing a large number of negroes, only one of them voted the Republican ticket, and he for only one candidate. If this beginning shall result in a more even distribution of the negro vote among the two parties, will it not do more towards settling the negro problem than the Lodge Bill?

Very truly, W. M. LITTLE.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., December 3, 1890.

AMERICANS IN ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been the occasion of some criticism on the part of our English friends that so many of our college graduates go to the German universities to pursue advanced studies, and so few to Oxford and Cambridge. Recent experience leads me to call attention to one element in this decided preference for Germany over England that is due to the provisions of the existing statutes of the great English universities, and might be readily changed for the better.

The University of Oxford makes no provisions for the admission of graduate students, as such, from any other universities than those of Cambridge and Dublin. The only door open to the American graduate, whatever be his standing and degree, is that into the limbo of non-collegiate students — a limbo which of late years has become less gloomy, but is still subject to all the important restrictions and open to but few of the delights that fall to the lot of those who are members of some college as well as of the university. The American graduate is admitted to an undergraduate status, and a status of this sort only; and the sole distinction made between him and the English boy fresh from the public school is that if the former declares his intention of not proceeding to the baccalaureate degree, and can prove to the proper officers his fitness to pursue a special line of study, he may be excused from the simple entrance examination required of other undergraduates—an examination covering much less ground than that required for admission to our colleges. This is in face of the fact that the standard of the bachelor's degree in arts in a dozen of our best colleges is far higher than that of the pass degree in the English universities, while the B.A. with honors in some special department from any one of a number of our institutions has every opportunity to be the superior in mental equipment of his English brother holding a similar degree. I think the only exception would be perhaps in Greek and Latin "composition."

Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the alumnus of Harvard, or Yale, or Johns Hopkins, especially if he has already made considerable progress in higher studies and has been admitted to an advanced degree, prefers not to submit himself to the awkward and, for him, somewhat humiliating conditions that are the best Oxford has at present to offer him. I am informed that Cambridge is in similar case. It seems that a remedy might readily be found in admitting all B.A.'s and M.A.'s of proved ability to more formal and distinct recognition in the University, even if the recognition be not extended to actual incorporation. The academic hospitality of our own universities might safely serve as a model.

The greater question of the relative advantages otherwise offered by the English and German universities lies without the scope of this observation. E. T. M.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., December 6, 1890.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. publish directly 'The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician,' by Edwin Lester Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold.

'A Washington Bible-Class,' by Gail Hamilton, is in the press of D. Appleton & Co.

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Fords, Howard & Hulbert will issue on January 7, 1891, the delayed new novel by Judge Tourgée entitled 'Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist.'

Ward, Lock & Co. promise a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Locker-Lampson's 'Lyra Elegantiarum,' as a volume in their "Minerva Library."

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, will bring out 'The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade,' an historical work, based on family papers, by Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. The last Colonel was Count O'Connell, an uncle of the "Liberator."

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, is now publishing another volume of the historical geography series. It treats of the British West Indian colonies. This admirable series is edited by Mr. Charles Prestwood Lucas, B.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, one of the staff of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and who has for some years filled the office of private secretary to Sir Robert Herbert, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. Apropos of the subject, we may mention that Sampson Low & Co. will shortly publish a second edition, with statistics brought down to date, of Mr. C. Washington Eves's chatty book about the West Indies. The work will be out in time for the Jamaica Exhibition, in the furtherance of which Mr. Eves has rendered very valuable service in his quality as Chairman of the London Committee in connection therewith.

In the fifty-first annual report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, London, it is announced that a handbook to the principal classes of documents in the Record Office is in the press. The work in question has, we understand, been compiled by Mr. S. R. Scargill-Bird, one of the senior clerks of the Department, who has given many years to its compilation. Mr. Scargill-Bird's colleagues speak of its execution with the highest commendation, but, at present, historical students, to whom it is absolutely indispensable, await the pleasure of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's imprimatur before they can make use of this key to one of the greatest treasure-houses of historical documents. To inquirers on both sides of the Atlantic Mr. Lyte would confer a favor by explaining the delay in publication.

The fourth volume of the 'Century Dictionary' has left the binder's hands. It concludes with the letter P, and contains 100 pages more than the largest of its predecessors. The publishers estimate that the total number of pages will be at least 500 in excess of their estimate, or 7,000 (it would have been 7,200 if the first volume had served as a unit). The present instalment is particularly rich in scientific and technical terms. Fulness of definition is signally exemplified in the case of *put*, with its wealth of colloquial, idiomatic expressions; in this respect outrivalling *get* in the previous volume. The literary references are, as from the beginning of the work, precise with chapter and verse; while the illustrations continue to be numerous, clear, and elegant. Amid the monotony of the *mono-* compounds, for example, one comes upon a charming little cut of the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli (monopteron); and the *para-* compounds are similarly lighted up. The two final volumes it is hoped to issue by and before the summer of 1891.

Two small, thin holiday books come with the imprint of the J. B. Lippincott Co. 'Tisáyac of the Yosemite' is one of those extraordinary "poems" by M. B. M. Toland on which this firm annually, or too often, wastes dainty binding, good print and paper, and drawings by our best artists. The principal victim this time is Mr. Dielman, who must shudder to see his good work wedded to such unmitigated trash. There is a charming half-title, printed in colors, by Will H. Low, and the list of victims contains the names of H. Bolton Jones, Henry Sandham, Hermann Simon, René T. de Quelin, and the sculptors John J. Boyle and A. L. R. Van der Berghen. The illustrators of 'Sheridan's Ride,' also issued by this house, have wisely remained anonymous, for they have succeeded in producing as bad a book of its kind as one often sees. The drawings are feeble and tasteless, the wood-engraving is indifferent, and the cover is gaudy.

Mrs. Sarah E. Heald, who has written much and acceptably for the young, has taken a higher if not more ambitious flight in 'The Eagle's Plume: A Story of the Early Days of Vermont' (Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Co.). Though apparently designed for adults, it could be read to or by children with unfailing interest, and would usefully fix in their minds some historic dates and episodes on both sides of the Atlantic. The story, which is vouched for as true, is unfolded very naturally, but also skilfully, and with as much regard to the unities as a classic drama. Mrs. Heald's refinement of feeling and language, and her descriptions of natural scenery and of New England customs, lend a peculiar charm to her unpretentious narrative.

Again a mass of new editions of old works has accumulated on our table. Those characteristic productions of "Grace and Philip Wharton" (Mrs. Katherine Thomson and her son John), industrious bookmakers of a past generation, 'Queens of Society' and 'Wits and Beaux of Society,' first saw the light of England just thirty years ago. To the several editions already accessible to the American purchaser Porter & Coates add another, each in two volumes, fairly attractive in print and binding, and with numerous portrait plates of uneven merit. No critic nowadays could speak respectfully of the gossip and chatter and historical superficiality and commonplace reflection which make the contents of these twin compilations; but at any given time there are all classes of readers as there are all grades of civilization in the world. The United States Book Co. has ventured upon new library editions of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Hypatia,' and 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' uniform in size and tastefully bound. 'Vanity Fair,' of course, being compressed into one volume, has a more condensed typography than its companions, but still bold and easy for the eyes, Thackeray's illustrations are reproduced, and they are at least equal to the poor designs with which 'Hypatia' is equipped. Those of 'John Halifax' are somewhat better, but this feature of the series cannot be said to magnify its worth. Ward, Lock & Co. extend their plain, businesslike "Minerva Library" with Lockhart's 'Life of Robert Burns,' edited by John H. Ingram, who, besides a special contribution of foot-notes, increases the bulk of the work one-half by means of appendices. The last two of these consist of Carlyle's and Christopher North's reviews of Lockhart. We have often praised the form and appearance of the "Laurel-Crowned Tales" issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and it is enough to note the titles of the two latest, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Moore's 'Epicurean.' In simple elegance they will compare favorably with any popular edition we are acquainted with. It will be long before we shall tire of Richard Jefferies, and Roberts Bros. need no excuses for offering 'The Gamekeeper at Home' once more to the public, with illustrations by Charles Whymper.

'Tales and Prose Phantasies,' beginning with "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," fill out vol. xiii. of Prof. Masson's edition of De Quincey's collected writings (Macmillan). The "Miscellanea" introduced at p. 373 mark the beginning of the end, for they will conclude the next and final volume of this beautifully printed and edited collection.

Mr. William O'Brien's 'When We Were Boys,' published here and in London by Longmans, Green & Co., has been added to the Bibliothèque Charpentier in a French translation made by Mrs. O'Brien, with a preface by M. Burdeau, a Deputy.

Greenough, Hopkins & Cushing, Boston, send us an attractive calendar for 1891, "With Modern Authors," compiled by Alice F. Stevens. Each page is assigned to a single author; thus, January is divided among Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Dickens, and Mr. Wm. Hunter Birckhead. The compiler's taste is catholic, with a predilection for poets over prose authors.

A card game purporting to form "a quick, easy, and interesting method of learning a language," and called "A Gift of Tongues," has been published for the German by Avery & Co., Orange, N. J. We have our doubts about its utility, but it may very likely furnish innocent amusement, particularly if played in the presence of an arbiter who understands the language.

A new *Educational Review* is announced to be published in this city on January 1 by Henry Holt & Co., under the editorial conduct of Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, assisted by several heads and superintendents of schools. The magazine will embrace in its scope the primary, secondary, and higher education.

Trinity College, Hartford has issued a new General Catalogue (1827-1890), in which the Latin is employed throughout, contrary to the better example manifested by Harvard this year in its quinquennial catalogue. The number of this year's graduating class, 25, is the same as that of the class of 1842, and was surpassed in 1851 (31) and in 1880, 1882 (26). The very first class, that of 1827, numbered 10; and in this small range during sixty years we seem to read the moral of sectarian colleges.

It is difficult to define in a few words the distinctive character of Clark University at Worcester, Mass., and any one interested to discover it should procure President Stanley Hall's first annual report to the Trustees, just printed. His survey of the need of such an institution and of the study of European systems which led to its foundation, and his brief exposition of the kind of students admitted and instruction given, are followed by department reports of the lines of original investigation pursued at the new University in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology. Perhaps the most notable of these is the effort to find the ultimate unit of length in the establishment of a light-wave, enabling "two observers at opposite ends of the earth, with different instruments and entirely independently, to construct two standards (containing, say, a million light-waves) which shall not differ from each other so much as do the present copies from the original standard."

An ingenious bit of antiquarian reconstruction is given in the April Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, in the paper on "The Early College Buildings at Cambridge," by Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis. A few copies have been printed separately.

"K." writes us from Cambridge, apropos of our recent review of Martyn's 'Life of Wen-

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dell Phillips,' that the author was correct in stating that Phillips was at one time president of the Hasty-Pudding Club at Harvard, a position which he in fact held for one term, when he was elected orator, but resigned from the club before performing the duties of his new office. We were led into the error of denying this by very recent information on which we placed full reliance, and we regret to have added a single item unjustly to the rather long list of indubitable defects in the work in question.

— In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of October 30 we find an interesting review of a recent work, 'Kirche und Sklaverei,' by Theodor Brecht (Barmen: Hugo Klein). This author appears to have been inspired by the recent activity of Cardinal Lavigerie for the suppression of the slave trade, and by concurrent Catholic pretensions on behalf of the Church as the great emancipating influence of the Christian era. His thesis is bluntly to the contrary, and he undertakes to show that it is Protestantism and the humanitarian ideas derived from it and the philosophy of the last century which have led to the abolition of slavery. He pictures the Church of the middle ages holding and trading in slaves, making slaves even of freemen; Pope Gregory I. freeing a pair of slaves, yet sending back a fugitive from Otranto; bishops restraining the secular clergy from freeing their bondmen as a waste of Church property; churches owning ten slaves entitled to a separate priest; the canonical law forbidding slaves to make a will, and ordering the offspring of free and bond to follow the lower condition; the pagan slaves of Jews freed under certain conditions, the Church's Christian slaves held fast—the Popes themselves owning Mohammedan slaves, especially for galley service; the Popes, again, with ban and interdict condemning to slavery the entire population of districts and cities opposed to them, as Clement V. in the case of the Venetians in 1309, with no exception of the innocent; finally, the enormous extension given to slavery by papal bulls in the age of discovery, conferring vast unknown lands upon the Catholic Powers behind the adventurers. Herr Brecht's reviewer points out his blind eye to Protestant shortcomings, and adduces among other examples the complicity of the Protestant clergy of the United States with Southern slavery down to the outbreak of the Civil War. To this it could be replied that every Protestant sect save the Episcopalian (which stood wholly aloof from the anti-slavery agitation and threw its weight against it) and the Covenanter (anti-slavery by its constitution) was divided on the subject of slavery, whereas the Catholic clergy were wholly and openly on the side of the Slave Power, and, by means of the Irish and German Catholic vote, prolonged the existence of slavery by maintaining the Democratic party in place from 1848 on. The example of Brazil might also be cited, where emancipation owed nothing to the Church, and where the most that can be said for Catholicism is that it probably ameliorates color prejudice and favors social and political fusion.

— In connection with the receipt at this office of the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education in Japan for the year 1888, and of the Calendar of the Imperial University of Japan for 1889–'90, there is little to be said in the way of adverse criticism, but much in praise. Both pamphlets are unusually full, and exhibit on every page that desire for accuracy which is so encouraging a trait of the modern Japanese, and which, to a foreigner who remembers the beginning of the second half of this century, stands in favorable contrast to the old days of secrecy and repression. The total number of pupils now enrolled in the empire is 2,927,868, of whom 2,873,759 attend the public, and 54,109 the private schools. While the organized education seems along every line to be progressing healthfully and hopefully, there are also gratifying signs which give a foreigner solid grounds for believing that this education is vitally transforming the Japanese mind. Among such signs is the formation of a society in the University itself for the critical examination of the early annals and later history of Japan, together with a comparison of the native records with those of China and Corea and the West. The application of modern principles to the study of history is one of the sure proofs that the love of truth for its own sake is entering the Japanese mind to possess it. The late Townsend Harris, our first and ablest American Minister to Japan, despite his love for the country and people, seemed, in his diaries and despatches, to use such phrases as "Japan is the land of lies," "The Japanese are the greatest liars on earth," etc., as ordinary punctuation-marks. All this is now changing, and the native ambition seems to be in the direction of realism in truth. Another most hopeful sign, and contrasting notably with the last year's reports, as readers of our Notes may remember, is the revival of interest in Japanese literature and linguistics. The beautiful language of Japan is now being studied as never before by native speakers of it, who make use of western methods. As much of Japanese literature has its classic basis in Chinese, it may be noted also that since the publication of Mr. Suyématsu's handy little book, in which the whole body of Chinese literature was put under review by one critically trained in a European language, this hopeful movement has been stimulated so that it bids fair to be popular.

A BOOK OF PEN DRAWINGS.

Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Notes by Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Plates and Vignettes from Drawings by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan & Co. 1890. 4to, p. 59.

PEN DRAWING, in the hands of a master, is second only to etching, if second, as a delightful means of rendering the picturesque of architecture and street life. It has its own peculiar felicities of touch and manner which differ from those of etching, but its great advantage over any kind of drawing in tone it possesses in common with etching—the facility of leaving out. A tone drawing must, in the nature of things, be pretty equally completed throughout, but the draughtsman with the pen is bound to nothing. He may carry to the utmost completion such parts of his drawing as interest him, and where his interest ceases he may indicate only with a few scratches the presence of such objects as he does not care to draw. The sparkle and beauty of a piece of intricate detail may be enhanced by a great space of white paper which would be felt at once in a drawing in tone as intolerably false, but which, in a drawing making no pretence to complete tonality, is a pleasant relief to the eye. The light and shade is accepted at once as relative and conventional, and the artist may play with it what tricks he pleases. By proper choice and the magic of handling, the commonplace may be glorified until an ordinary London street seems as picturesque as a Venetian canal.

Two things, however, are necessary to this result. The draughtsman must be an artist and a master of his art, and his work, if published, must be properly reproduced. The cheapness of "process" cuts has so filled our periodicals with very ordinary pen drawings very indifferently reproduced that we are in danger of thinking the art a cheap one, unfitted for fine results. A book like this of Mr. Pennell's, where beautiful drawings have been perfectly rendered, is therefore the more welcome as a reminder that there are pen drawings and pen drawings, and that the art at its best is a splendid one indeed.

Nothing but true photogravure will thoroughly and adequately reproduce a pen drawing. In every such drawing there is, whether intentionally or accidentally, a difference in tone in the lines which none of the ordinary processes that produce relief plates suitable for printing with the text, will render. Photogravure will reproduce perfectly the most delicate gray line or the fullest black one. Of course the intelligent artist calculates for this difference, and allows himself much less variety of line when working for "process" than if he could count upon the resources of photogravure; but, after all the sacrifice intentionally made by the artist himself, there is further sacrifice in the reproduction. The finer lines thicken and become heavy, or break and become "rotten," and his drawing, as published, is but a wreck of the work that left his hands. The form and the motive remain intelligible, but the fine flower of the art has disappeared.

In this book of Mr. Pennell's, for example, compare any one of the twelve photogravure plates with any one of the twenty-odd pen-and-ink vignettes in the text. In the latter the artist has, as a rule, attempted much less, but see how much less, even of what he has attempted, he has succeeded in getting. Compare the broken and scratchy look of the distances, the comparative feebleness of the foreground darks, the monotony and lack of effect of the whole in the vignettes, with the delicacy in the lighter portions, the velvety blacks, the sparkling vivacity and fulness of tone which almost justify Mr. McCarthy's blunder in calling the larger plates "etchings," and you will form an adequate notion of the difference between the two methods of reproduction. And yet these "process" cuts are among the best of their kind—far above the average of such work in current publications—the kind of cuts that the unfortunate draughtsman hails with joy when he is fortunate enough to find his work so reproduced.

But the glory of the book is in the photogravure plates, which are altogether admirable. In them one has such reproduction as shows the full range and possibility of the material. And the drawings are worthy of such reproduction. Mr. Pennell is indisputably a master, and is without a rival in his own line. Such brilliant detail, such effect of mass and light got with the simplest of means, such a feeling of the jostle and bustle of crowds, such incisiveness of characterization in the human types sketched with a few lines, no other draughtsman that we know of could give us. It would be difficult to say which are the best of these drawings, but those of "The West Door of St. Paul's," "Fleet Street," and "Exeter Hall" are certainly among the best. Only one falls short: even Mr. Pennell could not make the rigid modern Gothic of the Law Courts look picturesque.

The masterly use of the limitations which are the privileges of the art is shown again and again. Full tone being impossible in pen drawing, one may use partial tone as one

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pleases to produce one's effect. Two strongly contrasted drawings will serve as examples. In the drawing of "Exeter Hall" the darkness of the great portal was the thing to be accented. This is secured, largely, by mere elaboration, each shadow in the fluting of the columns or the foliation of the capitals being made out until the repetition of small darks produces one great shade. The buildings on either side, which may or may not have been as dark as the front of Exeter Hall itself, are much more lightly sketched, half their detail being sacrificed to lightness of effect, while the figures in the foreground, probably very dark in nature, are traced in the lightest of outlines, with blank white paper between. The eye accepts this at once as the proper conventionality of line drawing, while the darkness of the doorway is made much more effective by contrast. A delicate touch is the carrying down of the darks by *one* small figure, nearly black, whose presence prevents the artifice from being too apparent, and almost convinces the eye that the full values of nature are present in the work of art. In the other drawing, that of "St. Clement Danes," precisely the opposite effect was to be attained. What was here to be insisted upon was the lightness and whiteness of the spire of the church, rising against the gray London sky. To have attempted the tone of the sky would have produced an inevitable heaviness in the drawing and so have killed it, and the sky is therefore left as pure white paper. But if the sky is left white, how is the tower to be made to look light? The first thing is to restrict the shadows to narrow, dark bands that shall give brilliancy, by contrast, to the broader lights. Still it looks too dark, and the next move is to put in the figures below in uniform masses of nearly pure black, without distinction as to distance or attempt at modelling; to scratch in with heavy black lines the near houses to the left; to indicate the wetness of the day and the darkness of the sky by a wavy trail of reflection below each black figure, and behold! the spire rises light into the murky air. Now, to make the black figures blacker and to make the drawing grow out of the paper and not stop abruptly at the lower edge, two or three nearer figures are sketched in pure outline, and the drawing is done.

Many of the vignettes are very nearly as good as the larger plates, and two in particular, those on pages 20 and 22, are remarkable, as very successful efforts to do that very difficult thing, render a night effect in pen and ink. The book, as a whole, is a most happy demonstration of the thesis which Mr. Pennell sustained a year ago in his book on pen drawing, that that art is entitled to a very high place among the minor arts of design; and, further, it is a demonstration of the very high position that Mr. Pennell himself holds among draughtsmen with the pen. The volume contains, also, two or three wash drawings which show well the peculiar fitness of that material for rendering effects of fog—effects which it would be well-nigh hopeless to attempt with the point.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's text is almost as remarkable, in its way, as the drawings it accompanies, though for very different reasons; for Mr. McCarthy is, in this case, quite a superfluous person. He had nothing in the world to say—the drawings could speak for themselves, and stood in no need of commentary. But, the publishers wishing to bring out Mr. Pennell's sketches of London streets, the exigencies of the trade demanded a text of some sort, and Mr. McCarthy was called upon to supply it. Nobly has he fulfilled his duty! Probably the art of gracefully and pleasantly saying nothing for a long time together was never further pushed. Nothing whatever to say, and fifty-nine of these great pages to say it in!—pages so great that their size appalls the eye—pages that have something of the sea or the desert in their vastness, so that one shudders at the distance to be traversed when one enters one of them that has not an island of illustration in it. But it is not for nothing that one is a veteran novelist. Mr. McCarthy can read a whole romance into the slightly indicated back of a young man having his shoes brushed, and give you the past history and present character of an inch-high manikin drawn with two scratches of a pen. One figure looks as if he might be a literary man, and if so, may he not have known Thackeray and tell anecdotes about him? And this reminds Mr. McCarthy that *he* has an anecdote about Thackeray, which he tells us, and which is a very nice little anecdote indeed. Or the Lyceum Theatre comes into a drawing, and have not Fechter and Mary Anderson and Irving played there, and are not reminiscences of the plays we have seen always charming? And if an old woman is selling newspapers, may we not remark on the quantity of them that litter the streets of Athens, most newspaper-reading of cities, when the cafés close? So it runs on, through paragraphs of astonishing length, lightly, easily, agreeably; but one feels that it must have been hard work, really, and that he must have been very glad when it was done.

The most astonishing of Mr. McCarthy's many inventions, however, is that of Mr. Pennell making his elaborate drawings "on the spot" in the midst of a London crowd! It is perfectly evident to any one acquainted with art, that all that Mr. Pennell did on the spot was to take a photograph, upon which he afterwards at his leisure embroidered his work of art. To make such drawings direct from nature is a physical impossibility.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

As the holiday literary output for adults is relatively tame and without distinction this year, so there is nothing of a new kind or otherwise very remarkable in the line of juvenile publications. Beginning with elf-land, we have from Mr. Palmer Cox 'Another Brownie Book,' in which his queer creations disport themselves in the old manner of sport and mischief. That they do not become altogether monotonous, and are still capable of affording amusement, is proof of Mr. Cox's skill with his pencil; and his rhymed accompaniment has the merit of being correct as jingle and good as narrative. The publishers have again made a handsome volume of it. Mr. Andrew Lang, with a change of color, edits the 'Red Fairy Book' (Longmans), laying under contribution the German, the Norse, the Russian, and the French sources, either taken at first-hand in original English versions, or borrowed at second-hand by permission. "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Golden Branch," "Rapunzel," "Graciosa and Percinet," "The Master Thief," are some of the more familar; but the collection as a whole must be accounted fresh. The book is prettily made, with good illustrations. 'In Poppy Land,' by Mabel Louise Fuller (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.), is an agreeable working-over of the old fairy-tale properties, and can be commended as purposely free from the bloody and brutal element of the elder models.

'Santa Claus on a Lark' (The Century Co.) is the pleasantly suggestive title given by Washington Gladden to a collection of Christmas stories, of which the first, and the best, gives its name to the book. This introduces us to a merry-hearted, young-old bachelor, who mystifies and makes happy a whole village, as he drives his fleet ponies through the fast-falling snow on Christmas eve, leaving gifts at each door and giving the startled recipients a flying glimpse of a ruddy-cheeked, white-haired little figure enveloped in furs and plentifully besprinkled with snow. The gleeful abandon of this modern Santa Claus is infectious. The other stories follow well-worn paths without disclosing new beauties, and so obviously point the moral that children will be likely to skip what is so evidently intended for their betterment. In "Santa Claus in the Pulpit" the preachment on the spiritual quality of Christmas gifts is well timed in these days of gift-exchanging, which savors rather too strongly of commerce.

The D. Lothrop Company, Boston, have issued a charmingly illustrated book of 'Rhymes for Little Readers.' We meet with familiar friends in many of the Rhymes, but the delicate coloring in the illustrations is a welcome change from the barbaric splendor of old-time nursery books. The drawing is true and spirited. Miss Adams (from whose original water-colors the illustrations were lithographed) deserves much commendation.

Mrs. Laura E. Richards's 'In My Nursery' (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is a volume of rhymes and jingles of variable quality. Those for very little folks are sweet and wholesome in tone, and will make music in baby ears; but the verses meant for hearers beyond babyhood seem rather overstrained in thought and diction, and lack the indefinable charm of pure nonsense. The author has evidently a genuine love for children. The illustrations, apparently by different artists, are mainly happily conceived and fairly executed.

'Captain January,' another book by Mrs. Richards (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), is the story of an old lighthouse-keeper who saves a baby from a wreck in which its father and mother perish, leaving no trace of the child's connections. The old man's simple yet strong character is well drawn, and his tender and unselfish devotion to the child is full of pathos. The child herself is rather fantastic, but her lonely life in the lighthouse, with imagination fed on "The Tempest" and "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (a volume of Shakspere and the Bible being her only books), to say nothing of the long winter evenings spent with the old captain as sole companion, listening to gruesome tales of shipwreck, would hardly tend to develop a normal child. Her passionate affection for her "Daddy Captain" is dramatically manifested when a seeming chance reveals her to her mother's sister, who naturally wishes to take her to her own home. But we will not by anticipating take the cream of the reader's pleasure in this pretty story.

It may have been intended as a pleasantry, the giving the title 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales' to the collection of short stories by Eugene Field (Charles Scribner's Sons); otherwise the title is incomprehensible, for we question the profit to be derived from reading, for example, the story of "Dock" Stebbins, who was born with an insatiable appetite for playing practical jokes. The jokes are stupid enough, with a touch of cruelty. "The Divell's Chrystmass" may be valuable as a specimen of archaic spelling, but it is worthless for pleasant or profitable reading. The Divell is depicted as engaged in "lashing his ribald legs with his poyson taile." Being overcome, however, by the spirit of Christmas, and wishing to give alms to a beggar child, but

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having none, he whips out a knife, and, cutting off the "poyson taile," presents it to the child, when a "sodaine miracle" changes it into a "flowre of gold." Since then the devil has gone tailless. Of the remaining stories, those that were meant to be pathetic are almost wholly lacking in pathos, while the use of such adjectives as "durnedest" and "goll-durned" is scarcely sufficient to brighten the others with humor. Through all there is a straining after effect, and an imitation of a style which only a touch of genius can make successful. In "The Fairies of Pesth" there are some delicate touches, but they are not strong enough to constitute a "saving remnant." The tales were written at different intervals during the past five or six years, and probably appeared for the first time in ephemeral publications. We can see no justification for their present form. They are as a whole neither suitable for children nor of interest to older readers.

Col. Knox's 'Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland' (Harper & Bros.) eminently belongs to the class of books that need not have been written. It is beautifully printed, and in the main beautifully illustrated. Indeed, it excites suspicion that much of the letter-press was written rather for the illustrations than that the woodcuts were prepared to illustrate the letter-press. It is an effort to roll into one an itinerary, a guide-book, a history, a gazetteer. There is a want of reality about it. Most readers would prefer to take their information neat, not so combined. It will be pondered over with pleasure by those who have travelled in Great Britain and Ireland, and will recall much that is of interest. It emphasizes many of the differences that exist in ways of life between us and the old country. It could not, however, safely be trusted as a guide in laying out a tour, and it will scarcely be carried as a lamp to the feet on the road. The book is not without lively passages:

"Thus encouraged"—they are travelling in England—"Frank explained to Mrs. Barrett that it was the practice of Fred and himself, while one of them looked to see that the luggage was all right, and properly deposited in the van, the other attended to the guard. A shilling to that worthy at starting, with the promise of another at the end of the ride" (little wonder our countrymen meet with civility abroad) "generally served to adjust matters to the satisfaction of everybody. The travellers were satisfied because they obtained the places that they wanted, the guard was satisfied because he obtained the shillings that he wanted and expected, and the company was satisfied because it had no ocular proof that the rule which forbids its employees to accept gratuities had been violated."

'A Real Robinson Crusoe' (D. Lothrop Co.), edited by J. A. Wilkinson, is a painful story of a party of castaways on an unknown island of the Pacific. The usual ingenuity is shown by the hero in getting food, shelter, and clothing, and in building a boat, but variety is obtained by making his companions excessively heartless and wicked. Though the "editor" vouches for the facts as strictly true, we much prefer to believe that he has been imposed upon by his informant than that such conduct as he describes could be possible under the circumstances. The book has good points, but we cannot praise it. 'The Drifting Island' (Roberts Bros.), by Walter Wentworth, is an African story with enough exciting adventures to satisfy the most exacting boy. An electric battery works great havoc with fish and with slave-hunters, while the drifting island itself is used as a man-of-war, with elephants working a tread-wheel for the motive power to attack a slaver's stronghold. The author is equally wild in his geography, making his heroes reach Lake Tchad in a few days' journey by canoe up one of the branches of the Congo! The moral tone of the book, it is fair to say, is irreproachable. 'The Lion City of Africa' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.), by W. B. Allen, is an entertaining story in which dwarfs, a ruined city with Roman baths and inhabited by lions, and Mt. Ruwenzori play important parts. The author has succeeded in conveying a very fair idea of certain features of the life and scenery of tropical Africa. In an appendix there is a brief account of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The make-up of the book is very attractive. The illustrations of 'Zigzag Journeys in the Great Northwest' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), by H. Butterworth, are often very good, but many have nothing whatever to do with the subject of the book. The text is of the same heterogeneous character; rhapsodical descriptions of scenery of parts of the Northwest being intermingled with very miscellaneous stories and sketches. This class of books gives one the impression of being compiled with a pitchfork.

Mr. Charles C. Coffin gives the title 'Freedom Triumphant' to the fourth and closing volume of his 'Young Folks' History of the War of the Rebellion' (Harper & Bros.). It begins with September, 1864. Every candid person must think it a good fortune for children that Mr. Coffin has inculcated the true motive of the war—"the establishment of a government founded on the idea that slavery was a beneficent institution, ordained of God for the best welfare of the human race." He has also taken notice of the desperate counsel to which Lee and others were driven of arming the slaves. In point of literary style, Mr. Coffin is still open to the charge of an aversion to conjunctions and relative pronouns, and a fondness for staccato, *e. g.*: "No inducement was held out to the slave to volunteer for the Confederacy. He was to receive no reward. The word *emancipation* was stricken out. Jefferson Davis was authorized to accept from the masters such slaves as they might choose to send into the army. That was all." Mr. Coffin omits, too, even for a line of mention, the dramatic occasion of raising the flag at Fort Sumter in April, 1865, the very seal and symbol of the suppression of the rebellion. Nor, in noticing the melting away of the victorious army after the review at Washington, does he point to the terrible sequelæ of even a just war in the misgovernment of the reconstructed States, the making party capital as long as possible of the war feeling, the open and shameless traffic in patriotism under cover of war pensions, the enhancement of the war tariff and the substitution of the fetish of protection in place of the fetish of the "peculiar institution," ending in the two McKinley Bills, which are a last defiant declaration of war against foreign nations and against civilization itself. Why should the young be deprived of such lessons?

KIPLING'S TALES.

Plain Tales from the Hills. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan & Co.—*Indian Tales.* By the same. John W. Lovell Co.—*The Courting of Dinah Shadd.* By the same. Harper & Bros.

OCCASIONALLY an author is so lucky as to capture the public before the critics "get after" him, and one or two in their generation manage to obtain a popular verdict so tremendously favorable that the power even to modify enthusiasm is in their own hands alone. It is doubtful whether they could ever write indifferently enough quite to reverse the first spontaneous judgment. Such is the happy fortune of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the young Lochinvar of fiction, who about a year ago came out of the East, came unannounced, and came all alone. No herald with brazen trumpet sounded his approach, and no host of friendly spirits, whispering, winking, and nodding through the press, made straight and smooth his path to glory. Since his work has been fairly before us he has had plenty of gratuitous advertising, but he is not to be confused with the weaker brethren who would for ever preserve that obscurity which their work justifies if they had been born in those Arcadian days, of date uncertain, when professed littérateurs struck for fame on the broad highways, and when the phrases, "to pull wires," "to roll logs," had a literal signification only. Simultaneously with Kipling's appearance arose the cry, "A capital raconteur"—in the vulgar, "A rattling good story-teller"—and there, in a phrase, is the truth about what Kipling is: a born story-teller, born in a story-telling land teeming with untold stories. Every one can think of suddenly achieved literary reputations for which, on reflection, no adequate reasons can be found, but no one need poke about with a candle to discover reasons for Kipling's instant success. He is a very obvious young man, standing well in the light—one may say the centre of a noon-tide glare. In every one of his hundred tales, comic, tragic, melodramatic, or wholly frivolous and for idea worthless, there, unmistakably, is the impress of the natural gift with its implied originality and force. Whether he possesses the talent in the highest degree, and whether he can make the best possible use of it, are questions for the future to decide. The presence in his work of many qualities that go to make enduring fame is more conspicuous than the absence of some which every author needs in order to take rank with the great. There is no hesitation, no vacillation, no shadow of self-doubt in him. He is before all things positive, sure of himself, of his facts and his interpretations thereof.

To serious people this positiveness is sometimes ludicrous, sometimes offensive; but it is also the visible sign of a dominant nature, sure to command the salaams of the multitude in whatever form it may be made manifest. He has a compelling energy which is not genius, though no genius who lacks it may ever hope for appreciation, except perhaps from a few, after he is dead. With positiveness and energy go swift and comprehensive observation and keen insight that does the work of deep reflection with much saving of time and labor. No sage ever feels a confidence in his ultimate conclusions equal to Mr. Kipling's, much less utters it, and we may add that many hoary cynics are as credulous babes in comparison. Mr. Kipling's cynicism is apparently very thorough; not detestable, because it is so flagrantly juvenile. The worst of it is, that its assiduous cultivation stunts the growth of sensibility, poetic imagination, spirituality; and these are the qualities in which Mr. Kipling is most evidently deficient, the qualities which he needs most to cultivate if he aspires to greatness.

Moreover, it leads him into flippant impertinences and all sorts of offences against good taste and manners. The tales of that polite Anglo-Indian society which ebbs and flows from the officers' mess-room to the drawing-room, are shockingly ill-mannered, dazzlingly cynical, and presumably the author's maiden efforts. If it were not for the instinctive skill in the selection of incidents and the direct nar-

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ration, one would suppose that these tales of the light Mrs. Hawksby and lighter sisters were the chatterings of a professed scandalmonger, quite disreputable, and so venomous that he knew no joy save smirching angels' wings. Though a regiment's mess-room may not be the home of chaste thought and elegant conversation, we have an impression that officers in the Queen's army, who are also gentlemen, occasionally lapse into the ordinary refinements of their mother-tongue, and are none the less brave, honorable, and kind. "Tommy Atkins," too, is doubtless versatile in oaths and profusely coarse of tongue, but neither the fun nor the spirit of Mulvaney's escapades would have suffered by a modification of the language used by him and his familiars in daily intercourse. No author addressing himself to a decent audience is justified in inflicting the slang and filth of the gutter. Mr. Kipling carries that infliction so far that he not only often throws the reader out of sympathy with his characters, but once at least, in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," fatally disfigures a singularly dramatic and touching incident. This story, with three or four others *about* children, not by any means *for* children, shows a fine sensitiveness to the mysteries of child nature, and is among the best in the collection. The Mulvaney stories are exuberantly farcical, and tragic power not fully developed is clear in such tales as, "The Man Who Was," "The Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," and "The Man Who Would Be King." But the best of all are the tales of native life often put in the mouth of a native. These have least of the swagger of a surprisingly clever and knowing, very modern young man, most of the sobriety, moderation, and true passion of an imaginative artist. They are purely products of the creative faculty, without precedent and absolutely divorced from conventional models. Read consecutively, they present a picture of India very vivid and probably very truthful, yet disappointingly different from the India of imagination and poetry, with its mystical past, its gorgeous color, and Mogul magnificence. It is an arid, parched, dreary India, peopled by servile millions, subtle and weary, ostensibly in harmony with their English masters, but at heart hostile to encroachment, incapable of change, obdurately Oriental. If Mr. Kipling were a poet, we might see another India more beautiful, and perhaps no less real; but he is not a poet, and that is made clear beyond question by the compositions in verse which are scattered among the compositions in undisguised prose.

Of the several editions of Kipling, Harper's contains only seven stories and is distinguished by a portrait of the author and a biographical sketch by Mr. Lang; Lovell's has the most stories and typographical errors; Macmillan's is a good specimen of printer's and binder's work.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The War in the Crimea. By Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B. Scribner & Welford. 1890.

THIS is one of the series of volumes describing, in comparatively brief compass, "events of our own time," and has the great advantage of being written by an actor in the events described. Sir Edward Hamley served, though we presume as a subaltern officer, in the British force in the Crimea, and was an eye-witness of many of the leading incidents of the war; and there is, as Cæsar, and Napier, and Todleben, and Grant have shown, no military historian so good as a soldier who has directed or taken part in the operations which he records. It was high time, too, that any one who saw service in the Crimea, and had the power to write about it, should do so, for the survivors of those famous fields are rapidly diminishing in number, and are reaching the age in which rest is sweet and memory grows dim. The men who held high commands during the siege of Sebastopol have already all passed away, except the Duke of Cambridge, whose service was really that of an amateur. Raglan, Codrington, Brown, Airey, Cathcart, Evans, Burgoyne, Cardigan, Lucan, Campbell, are all gone.

It is true that Kinglake's history of the war is never likely to be improved upon, as far as painstaking accuracy and vivid description go. But his minuteness has swelled his book to a great size, and his singularly unhistoric temper, the violence of his likes and dislikes, and his remarkable capacity for hero-worship, inevitably fill even the most delighted reader with a certain distrust. Somehow, too, we never, in reading him, entirely rid ourselves of the impression that it is not real war he is describing to us, and that Lord Raglan, "the English gentleman" par excellence, and Lord Stratford, "the great Elchi," were the paladins and sages of romance. Sir Edward Hamley's book is, therefore, both from the military and literary point of view, a very valuable contribution to the historic literature of the day. The general reader who has not time for a large work, and yet wishes for a lucid, adequate, and, in places, extremely vivid account of the most picturesque and romantic military episode of the present century, cannot do better than read it. Many things have been cleared up or put in a new light since Mr. Kinglake produced his earlier volumes, by such memoirs as that of Earl Russell, who demolishes the famous story of the war despatch read to the sleeping Cabinet, and of Lord Stratford, whose skill in the management of the Turks does not now seem so plain as it did to an earlier generation, and by Todleben's history of the siege, full as it is of inaccuracies about his opponents. Moreover, the art of war has made such remarkable strides since the Crimean campaign that the military criticisms of the operations have now vastly more value than they could have had when Mr. Kinglake began to collect them.

Well or ill written, the history of the Crimean war will always remain a stirring epic. No war of the past hundred and fifty years has left so few traces behind it. It would not be an exaggeration to say that nothing has resulted from it which merits the attention either of the historian or statesman. It has vanished like a brilliant dissolving view. I s likeness to the first Crusade must strike every reader. There was the same gr at misconception about the end in view; the same terrible ignorance about the means and cost of attaining it; the same great drafts on popular sentiment and imagination; and the same tremendous plunge of valor and enthusiasm into the abyss. As we now know, its authors were as much mistaken about the importance of saving the Turks from the Russians as the Crusaders about the importance of rescuing the Holy Land from the infidels. Those who went forth to destroy the Russian power in the Crimea knew little more about the Crimea than the Crusaders knew about Jerusalem or Saladin. Every chapter, too, is as crowded with acts of individual heroism as the pages of Froissart or Commines. The battle of the Alma was itself a mediæval fight. The British commander, occupying a secluded and remote height, where he had a good view of the field, but where none of his subordinates could find him; the generals of division attacking in deadly front, each as he pleased, with no plan or concert, driving the enemy from the field by sheer courage; the flank march to Balaclava, the headquarters staff leading the artillery, thirty guns in single file, through the woods, and so near the enemy that Menshikoff struck the procession with his troops, when trying to make his own escape, and was so frightened by the rencontre that he fled in another direction; the aimless but glorious charge of the Heavy and Light Brigades; the fierce fights of scattered groups in the ravines and hollows of Inkerman; the awful winter of cold, hunger, and disease on the plain above; the vast hospital tragedy at Scutari, bringing down a healing angel in the person of Miss Nightingale—all these make a story which seems more like the experiences of Roland or Amadis de Gaul than those of a modern general in command of a modern army.

Not a trace of it all remains now except the graves of the victors and vanquished on the heights which witnessed their exploits and sufferings. Sebastopol has been restored. A new city has arisen on the ruins of the old one. There is another Russian fleet in the harbor, and repaired Russian fortifications on the shore. The treaty which the war produced has vanished into the great lumber-room of diplomacy. The Turks have gone as steadily to ruin as if no brave men had ever died to save them. The Anglo-French Alliance, which did much to bring on the war, is buried in the tomb of the Napoleonic dynasty. It would, indeed, hardly be an exaggeration to say that the only relics of this war of giants are Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which seems a permanent contribution to heroic song, and

> "the neglected graves
> Where Valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot."

Annals of the Artists of Spain. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Baronet. A new edition, incorporating the author's own notes, additions, and emendations, with portrait, and twenty-four steel and mezzotint engravings; also numerous engravings on wood. 4 vols. octavo. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS new edition of a standard and valuable work will be highly prized by those who shall become its possessors. As, however, only six hundred and forty numbered copies are printed for England, and four hundred for America, the privileged class will be very small indeed, even when account is taken of a large-paper edition. The book is too well known to need notice at length. It contains little criticism, and that little of no great pretensions to technical insight. It is, what its name imports, the story of the artists of Spain, told at considerable length, with abundance of anecdote, in an easy, agreeable, and somewhat garrulous style—the work of a gentleman and man of the world, with abundant leisure and only that knowledge of art which may be supposed to be the acquirement of every gentleman of culture. It shows much research, much special knowledge of Spain and Spanish life and the career of Spanish painters, much thoroughness and painstaking work, and, perhaps, somewhat too ready credulity. It is a mine of information, but Sir William's judgments are of the most conventional sort. He admits, of course, the accepted primacy of Velasquez, but he also subscribes to the enormously exaggerated reputation of Murillo. In his introduction he insists on the "religious" quality of Spanish art. It

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may be that some of the Spanish artists who are little known out of Spain had the religious temper, but "religious" as an epithet applied to the Spanish art we know seems singularly misplaced. It is ecclesiastical; but religious, in the sense that the art of Angelico is religious, it certainly is not. He specially mentions Murillo as one of his religious painters, but Murillo, while often religious in subject, is in temper either wholly realistic or pretty worldly. His immensely popular "Immaculate Conceptions" and the like are the glorification of namby-pamby—the realization of the devotional ideal of perfumed court beauties of easy virtue. They are meretricious and tawdry in the extreme, and the great admiration which has been so often expressed for them has been usually felt by the same people who are enraptured by the designs on handkerchief-boxes, and for the same reasons. With all their cleverness, as expressions of religious feeling, they belong with the paper flowers and tinsel that bedizen Spanish altars. Neither does one see how Ribera and Zurbaran and the other painters of bloody martyrdoms and squalid saints can, by any stretch of terms, be called religious painters. All that is best of the art of Spain is frankly realistic, and its highest expression is in portraiture.

The illustrations, though costly, are hardly satisfactory. They consist, largely, of indifferent mezzotints and line engravings after bad portraits of the artists mentioned. In the case of Velasquez alone has any serious effort been made to illustrate the work of the master under consideration, and in this case the effort cannot be called successful. The far cheaper woodcuts of Justi's 'Velasquez' answer the purpose much better.

Mr. Robert Guy, the editor, who has modestly refrained from placing his name upon the title-page, has done his part admirably, adding largely to the already voluminous notes, and bringing the information as to the whereabouts of pictures down to date. He acknowledges his indebtedness both to Prof. Justi and to Mr. Charles B. Curtis of New York, whose "comprehensive and accurate catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo" he has freely drawn upon. (Velazquez is the spelling adopted throughout the volumes except under the portrait facing p. 672, vol. ii., where the more common spelling is given.) In the fulness of its index, appendices, tables of contents, and lists of illustrations the book is a model, while the paper, print, and decorations may fairly be called sumptuous. Everything considered, it is a magnificent monument to the memory of the author.

Chapters from the Religious History of Spain, Connected with the Inquisition. By Henry Charles Lea. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co. 1890. Pp. xii., 522.

THE Lucifer-like fall of Spain from her sixteenth-century pinnacle of greatness has furnished a subject of melancholy reflection to many of her own more thoughtful sons. One of the acutest of them, Juan Valera, says: "I, for my part, am sometimes inclined to think that the colossal nature of our undertakings exhausted our strength; at other times, that through fighting for principles that were about to succumb, we succumbed with them; again, that our tenacious energy of will gave us empire at that propitious moment when the invention of gunpowder and of printing made it possible for mental power to triumph over material brute force—an empire which we speedily lost as soon as another kind of force came to prevail, material also, though less grossly so, namely, the force born of wealth created by intelligent and systematized industry, combined with thrift, in all which we never excelled." This assignment of causes is certainly broad enough, and gives room, in its vague mention of "principles," for almost any theory that has ever been propounded. Doubtless Valera had in mind, in the use of that phrase, something of what Mr. Lea has worked out with so much detail in his History of the Inquisition, and what he now comes further to illustrate by material accumulated in his researches for his greater work.

He puts his weightiest chapter first in his account of the censorship of the press. In the more than 200 pages devoted to this subject, he traces the development of the Spanish practice from the sporadic attempts to regulate the people's reading in the Middle Ages, down through the rudimentary State censorship inaugurated by Ferdinand and Isabella, until we get the Holy Office of Spain, stirred into feverish activity by the ferment of the Reformation, asserting its supremacy over the crown and even its independence of Rome, and finally carrying matters with so high a hand as to excite royal alarm and to become, under the vigorous reign of Carlos III., a practical dependency of the State. Through it all, Mr. Lea brings out the immense talent lavished upon the repression of talent, the defiance of the modern spirit, growing the more haughty with its increasing absurdity, and the blind disregard of true national self-interest in withstanding the application of science to industry. For example, a book on a new method of cultivating rice was too much for Spanish self-complacency, and went promptly into the Index.

The fatal effect of this system for stunting intellectual growth is stoutly asserted by Mr. Lea, and advanced as a leading cause among those which led to Spain's swift and profound decadence. He takes up the almost paradoxical affirmation of the learned critic, Menendez y Pelayo, that the Inquisition had nothing whatever to do with the decay of Spain's literary glory, in proof of which he cites a long roll of names famous in philosophy and literature in the sixteenth century, not one of which appears in the Index. To this Mr. Lea objects that at that time the Inquisition had scarcely got censorship under headway, and had not yet "had time to overcome the fervid and persistent energy of the Spaniards of Charles V. and Philip II." Referring, then, to the barren centuries that followed, he says that "the question only becomes sadder why so brilliant a dawn, in place of developing into a more brilliant noon, should have so speedily ended in the premature mists of twilight." He finds the answer in the "impediments so sedulously imposed on the acquisition of knowledge and the expression of thought," until all originality became dangerous and the ardor of generous spirits was checked. Finally, confirmation of this view is found in the "admirable renascence of Spanish literature within the last two generations," after the shackles that had bound it for two hundred years were removed.

The rest of the volume is taken up with masses of citations from the history of Spanish mysticism, witchcraft, and the vagaries of superstition connected with persecutions of the Jews—all, of course, furnishing matter for the consideration of the Inquisition. There appears to be no doubt that the Holy Office did much to save Spain from the ravages of impostors, and from the evils wrought by self-deceived men and women, even though the work was done roughly and with none of the modern allowance for disease. Perhaps Spain had no more of such cases of hysteria and catalepsy than the rest of the world, but the immense credulity of her people and her rulers gave them an altogether disproportionate public importance.

The Devil's Picture-Books: A History of Playing-Cards. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1890.

SINGER'S 'Researches into the History of Playing Cards' was published in 1816; Chatto's 'Facts and Speculations' appeared in 1848; Paul Boiteau's 'Les Cartes à jouer' followed in 1854, and Taylor's 'History of Playing-Cards' (based on Boiteau's book) was issued in 1865. Then came the admirable and authoritative 'Descriptive Catalogue of Playing and Other Cards in the British Museum,' which Mr. Willshire prepared in 1877, and which we duly reviewed at that time. Since then the only books of interest on the subject are "Cavendish's" 'Card-Table Talk' (1879) and Rheinhart's 'Whist-Scores' (1887). With our increasing knowledge of China, Japan, and India, much has of late been learned about the games of those countries; and the time has come when a new history of playing-cards would be welcome if it should embody the learning of its predecessors and bring order out of what is now not a little chaotic. But Mrs. Van Rensselaer's amateurish work does not fill this want. It is at once unliterary and unscientific. Carelessness in trifles is characteristic of an author's habits of mind, and here we find the late "Bibliophile Jacob" called "M. Paul la Croix" (*sic*), and Mr. Willshire's name appears as Wiltshire; while one of Pope's best-known lines is misprinted on page 11 and then credited to Hone's 'Every-Day Book.' The treatment of the vexed question of the origin of playing-cards does not warrant the belief that the authoress has investigated for herself or formed any solid opinion of her own.

But, accepting the 'Devil's Picture-Books' as an uncritical compilation, it is not without interest, and not a few of its illustrations really add to our information. So far as we know, the hundred-year-old geographical pack, belonging to Dr. R. H. Derby, and here figured on a full-page plate, has not hitherto been described or engraved; the illustration shows that the device of sinking a figure or an initial in the corner pip of a card, which might be supposed to be the latest form of the so-called "index," is in reality a century old. In Mr. Rheinhart's 'Whist-Scores' appeared the first engravings of the buckskin cards of the Apaches of Arizona, obviously copied from the contemporary Mexican packs, which are made according to the Spanish tradition, and generally in Spain; in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book we have now three full-page colored plates reproducing some twoscore of these rude gambling-tools. Even more curious are the gambling-blocks from Queen Charlotte Island and from Alaska, now preserved in the National Museum at Washington and reproduced in the book before us. Worthy of note also are the Japanese pack belonging to the authoress, and the pack from Cashmere owned by Mr. Lockwood de Forest.

Glimpses of Old English Homes. By Elizabeth Balch. Macmillan & Co.

THIS attractive gift-book is a reprint from the *English Illustrated Magazine.* It is disfigured to some extent by occasional misprints, and by less excusable carelessness on the part of the author, who makes use of such phrases as "acquainted *of* a thing," "the Acropolis *at*

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Greece," "the history of *she* who gave it," and so forth. Of the eight houses here described the most interesting are Penshurst, Arundel, and Hinchingbrooke. The main buildings of Penshurst are practically unchanged since the days of Edward III., and in the hall is the last example in England of the hearth in the centre of the room with an opening in the roof instead of a chimney. It was the home of that Philip Sidney of whom it was well said that his life had all the nobleness of expiring chivalry without its barbarity, and it has a peculiar interest for Americans in the fact that in later years William Penn spent much time there with his friend Algernon Sidney, and that the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania was largely the result of their discussions. Would that they could have foreseen and provided against the Quays of these later days! Among the Penshurst pictures one of the most curious is that of Queen Elizabeth dancing with the Spanish Ambassador—not with Leicester, as Miss Balch puts it—and it is a pity this has not been reproduced in the book. In writing of Arundel Castle and the fortunes of the great Catholic family of Howard, Miss Balch betrays the zeal and enthusiasm of a convert, and roundly abuses the son of Philip Howard who turned Protestant in the reign of James I. It was under the ancient trees of Hinchingbrooke that young Oliver Cromwell, son of the brewer who lived near by in Huntingdon, used to play with the young Prince Charles, and it may be that the recollection of early quarrels embittered the fierce struggle of after life. Hinchingbrooke was also the home of that Lord Sandwich, nicknamed "Jemmy Twitcher," whose ministerial industry interfered with his early dinner, and led to the invention of the dry but satisfying substitute which has ever since been called by his name.

The illustrations in this volume are numerous, and quite up to the average of English wood-engraving.

Handbooks of Athletic Sports. [Bohn's Library of Sports and Games.] Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A. Vols. I. and II. Scribner & Welford.

THERE could hardly be a more striking proof of the keen interest felt by the Anglo-Saxon race in athletic sports than the fact that this series of hand-books should be published so soon after the same ground had been elaborately covered by the well-known Badminton series. It is true that these volumes are in every respect less ambitious than their predecessors, and are so much less costly as to be within the reach of a larger circle of readers; but only those who have noted the recent growth of athletics, both in this country and in England, can realize how eager is the demand for such books. It need scarcely be said that no game can be learned from books alone. Much practice is essential, and a good many qualities, mental as well as physical, must be combined in the individual who would achieve success at any game. But the beginner can save himself much time and labor, and avoid falling into bad habits which are difficult to unlearn, by constantly practising in the best *style;* and what that is, in each kind of sport, he can learn from these hand-books.

These two volumes contain treatises by different experts on cricket, lawn-tennis, tennis, racquets, fives, golf, hockey, rowing, sailing, and swimming; and four more volumes in preparation are intended to complete the whole cycle of sports. For the convenience of those whose sporting tastes are limited, the various sections of each volume can be obtained separately at trifling cost.

The Rev. E. Lyttleton's account of cricket is adequate, and, from the beginner's point of view, is probably quite as useful as the more extensive researches of the authors of the Badminton volume. He gives what is undoubtedly the correct explanation of the fact that the bowling of professionals is always better than that of amateurs; namely, that the latter are unwilling to keep up the monotonous practice requisite for success in this department of the game, although always ready for the more enjoyable practice of batting. It is this same bugbear of mechanical and monotonous daily practice which accounts for the wide gulf between the professional singer or billiard-player and the amateur.

Mr. Wilberforce throws no new light on lawn-tennis unless it be in the shape of an incidental explanation of the decay of croquet which we do not remember to have seen before, namely, that it "fostered the ascendency of the curate," and was therefore doomed! He is somewhat ungallant in his estimate of ladies' play. He says, in reference to *mixed doubles*, "unless her partner is extraordinarily bad, he is bound to be better than she is." This may be quite true, but was it kind to print it on the very next page to Mrs. Hillyard's chapter on ladies' tennis? This ex-lady-champion strives to prove that the game is a suitable and safe one for girls, but the weight of evidence is all the other way, and the wise mother will train her daughter in other exercises better adapted to the peculiarities of feminine costume and physique.

Mr. Julian Marshall's historical account of tennis is admirable, but he devotes very little space to the difficulties of the beginner in that most difficult of games, and therefore his contribution is somewhat out of place. On the other hand, the gentlemen who write briefly but to the point on racquets, fives, golf, and hockey have avoided this mistake and have given all necessary information about these games.

Mr. Woodgate's treatise on rowing and sculling is almost as elaborate as his work in the corresponding Badminton book, and there is probably no better statement extant of the many differences between good and bad rowing. A careful study of this book by Harvard oarsmen would solve for them the mystery of the Yale stroke of recent years, and fully account for its success. In regard to training, Mr. Woodgate very truly observes that more harm is done to the constitution by reckless change of habits, from asceticism to license, when training is over, than by all the severities of training itself, and this cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the thousands of young men who occasionally go through a course of training.

Mr. Knight's excellent description of small-boat sailing will be read with peculiar interest on this side of the Atlantic, because he has sailed long enough in our waters to have adopted many Yankee ideas. For instance, he considers the cat-rig the best for small boats, he approves of lacing the mainsail to the boom, and he does not disapprove of the adoption by the English Yacht Racing Association of the new rule 8, which allows a centreboard provided manual power only is employed in working it.

Messrs. Cobbett's numerous plates and very complete explanations of the different ways of swimming will be of much assistance to those who can swim a few strokes and would fain swim many. They refer to the odd fact that some men can float easily and others can never learn to do so, the difference being due to the greater weight of bone and smaller amount of adipose tissue in the legs of non-floaters—whether in "blocks of five" or otherwise.

On the whole, these volumes can be recommended as safe guides in the different departments of athletic sports with which they deal.

The Sources of the Law of England: An Historical Introduction to the Study of English Law. By Dr. H. Brunner. Translated from the German, with a Bibliographical Appendix, by W. Hastie. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Pp. x., 63. 8vo.

THERE is no better sketch of the sources of English law than Brunner's 'Quellen des Englischen Rechts,' in vol. i. of Holtzendorff's 'Encyclopädie der Rechtswissenschaft' (fourth edition, 1882). It is very useful to students of constitutional as well as legal history. We are sorry to find that the work of translating this excellent essay has fallen into incompetent hands.

Mr. Hastie is thoroughly acquainted neither with the German language nor with the sources of the law of England. A few examples of his many blunders will clearly demonstrate this fact. *Volksrechte* = folk laws, not popular laws (p. 1); *Gesammtbürgschaft* = mutual suretyship or frankpledge, not corporation (p. 4); *Sätze*=chapters, not positions (p. 6); *Güter*=lands, not goods (p. 7); *genossenschaftliche*=relating to associations (gilds, etc.), not federal (p. 11); *Grundbuch*=register of lands, not the Book of the Land (p. 14); *Rechnungsposten* = items in an account, not accounts of imposts (p. 14). On p. 11 Mr. Hastie says: "The principles of the Franko-Norman Law . . . were here [in England] developed as the 'Feudal System,' and in part to an extreme and pointed form"; but the German of Brunner, correctly translated, says: "The principles of the Franko-Norman Law . . . were developed, as was the feudal system in part, to an extreme and pointed form." The *Breve de recto* is wrongly defined, on p. 12, because Mr. Hastie misapprehends Brunner's application of the word *widrigenfalls.* Nor does Brunner give the ridiculous description or definition of the *Rectitudines singularum personarum* printed on page 7. Mr. Hastie says that William the Conqueror caused the old Anglo-Saxon laws to be enunciated "by twelve sworn representatives" (p. 6); Brunner correctly states that this was done "by twelve sworn representatives *from each county.*" On the same page an Anglo-Saxon law is mentioned which regulated intercourse on the frontier between the "West Saxons and the Westphalian race"; for "Westphalian" read "Welsh." For "Klother and Cadric" (p. 3) read "Hlothaere and Eadric"; for "asetnusse" (p. 13) read "asetnisse"; for "electionis" (p. 18) read "electiones."

The translator attempts to supplement Brunner's sketch of the modern literature of the subject, the additional titles being inserted in brackets. This part of his work is also very unscholarly. The addition of Crabb's 'History of the English Law,' Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' and Elton's 'Origins of English History' (p. 8), is unnecessary: they throw little light on the history of Anglo-Saxon law, and hence Brunner omitted them. The two Anglo-French dictionaries which Hastie recommends to law students are Kelham's 'Norman Law Dictionary' and Metivier's 'Dictionnaire Franco-Normand' (p. 31). He does not seem to be aware that Metivier's book deals with the modern language of Guernsey. His additions to Brunner show not merely bad

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judgment, but also ignorance of the literature published since 1882. He evidently had not heard of such treatises as Scrutton's 'Influence of Roman Law,' Walter de Gray Birch's 'Cartularium Saxonicum,' Aronius's 'Angelsächsische Urkunden,' Dove's 'Domesday Studies,' the publications of the Pipe-Roll Society, Pollock's 'Land Laws,' the Year Books published in the Rolls Series since 1882, and Liebermann's contributions to Anglo-Saxon law. From Liebermann's essays he could have compiled a valuable note concerning the lost law-book of Henry I.'s reign mentioned on p. 15.

In short, Hastie is a poor translator and displays ignorance of his subject. He is often wrong or obscure where Brunner is correct and clear. But even in this poor English garb Brunner's sketch will be found useful; the translator has succeeded in depriving it of only a part of its utility.

Four Frenchmen. By Austin Dobson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THESE papers were written by Mr. Austin Dobson apparently some twenty or thirty years ago, and with a 'prentice hand. They are the work of a clever youth who, four times in succession, rose from reading a single volume on a subject new to him, and immediately put his reading into writing. It is a little surprising, even in these days when twice-cooked meats are so excessively the fashion, to find a man of letters, a chef, setting before us dishes of Corday, Roland, Lamballe, and Genlis, prepared with no novelty of treatment, even with no originality of flavor. These are four nice-looking little pies, but when you lift the cover there is not much within but bones and gravy.

The first sketch, that of Charlotte Corday—or Mlle. *de* Corday, or even *Marie* de Corday, as she is here styled in affected alternation—is disfigured by a youthful extravagance of coloring that makes equally impossible any delicate character-drawing or any poetic delineation. This theatrical figure is no true portrait of that eighteenth-century maiden who gave proof of at least as much folly as heroism in her mad deed, and still less is it that pale phantom with the bloody hands which will bear her name for long ages to come, till perhaps at length, blending into one light with Judith the Jewess, they will shine as a double star.

Mme. Roland follows Charlotte Corday, though a more natural arrangement would have put Charlotte Corday later in the volume. These thirty pages were evidently suggested and created by the edition of her 'Memoirs' published in 1864 by M. Dauban. But Mr. Dobson failed to catch and reiterate the truth M. Dauban saw, that it was because Mme. Roland was a peculiarly *womanly* woman that her influence was what it was—an influence widely felt, but not powerful. It was because she was "plus femme que les autres" that she became, as Louis Blanc said, "a great man" so far as she was one.

It is the Princesse de Lamballe (who was womanish, not womanly) whom Mr. Dobson thinks "plus femme"—or, as he has it, "mieux femme"—"que les autres." Mr. Dobson is indebted, it may be inferred, for what he knows about her, to one of the works of M. de Lescure, who published between 1860 and 1870 some dozen volumes concerning some half-dozen of his countrywomen — prolix, romantic, and inaccurate books, but rich mines of material for other writers who are not students and who do not care for more recent and more trustworthy historical research. The English writer has accepted, without questioning, the Frenchman's very questionable point of view, and gives us a Princesse de Lamballe who, in Mr. Dobson's words, "stands before us like a realization of the noble old motto of devotion, Tender and True."

The last of these papers, that on Mme. de Genlis, was written with the assistance of that lady herself. Why it should be worth while to give us a simple résumé of 'Mémoires' which, ever since their publication in 1824, have been read by every one who had the least desire to study the eighteenth century, can only be explained in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

A Social Departure. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. D. Appleton & Co.

DURING the autumn and winter of 1889, the Anglo-Asiatic newspapers were busy in reprinting for their readers lively extracts, descriptive of their respective localities, from an English ladies' magazine. These had to do with the adventures of two ladies, one English, the other Canadian, who had gone round the world in unconventional fashion. One chapter, descriptive of the Japanese newspaper reporter, was, by Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain, considered to be "not only cleverly written," but so "true to the life" that he transferred the whole reprint to the pages of his excellent little cyclopædia of 'Things Japanese.' Widely read and praised on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific, the diary is now republished in New York, with scores of illustrations which fit the text exactly and show the mind of artist and writer in unison. The author, a bright Canadian lady, has evidently intended to amuse especially "the British public, up in its Henry James." It is more than probable, however, that many of her best points will be invisible to the bold Briton, who is so often taken in by the wily Yankee or Canuck, by such a book as 'Democracy.' We have in mind a great English etcher and artist who, on shipboard, heard an American girl make repartee that, in our climate, electricity was so easily generated that the gas could be lighted not only by the young ladies' finger-tips, but even by their conversation. After two weeks' meditation upon that remark, the eminent man solemnly declared at a dinner-table that he had come to the conclusion that the young lady was joking.

Miss Duncan dedicates her "authorized edition" to Mrs. Grundy, as "a humble mark of profound esteem" and as "a slight tribute to the omnipotence of her opinion." She proceeds to picture Miss Orthodocia arriving at Montreal from England with the usual luggage so dear and sacred to the Briton. Orthodocia confronts the "customs surveillance in America by waving a red-flannel petticoat at the man in buttons, and, after compelling on his visage a terracotta-colored blush, comforts him with a shilling." The adventures of the English and the Canadian damsel as they travel through Canada in "sleepers" and ordinary cars, are narrated on pages crammed with laughter-provoking sentences. The two girls ride on a cowcatcher, and between what they imagine and what they say, there is fun enough. Arriving at Yokohama, after the ocean voyage, they are interviewed by a spectacled native reporter. The chapter describing this event is wonderfully accurate in details, and, what is still more remarkable, the Chinese characters on luggage label, interviewer's card, and newspaper extract are not upside down, as they usually are in American books, newspapers, and on theatrical posters. Nearly a hundred and fifty pages are devoted to Japan; and as these journalistic ladies have incredible powers of observation and entrance into unusual and difficult places, we have a fascinating chapter of Japanese life to date, as seen by foreigners with the eyes of women.

Only a single chapter is devoted to China. Ceylon, India, and Egypt are visited in succession, and the men, women, and animals of these countries are utilized to make witty paragraphs. Old civilizations, religions, customs, and people exist only for the paragrapher's jests; and, oblivious of solemn guide-books and tiresome writers and book-makers, these ladies of the note-book give us the antipodes in style and method of the ordinary globe-trotter's narrations. More than four hundred pages of the same sort of fun, monotonous despite its surface variety, become tiresome before the end is reached; otherwise the book may be warmly recommended as one good for the diaphragm and digestion, as well as for the head and mind.

Among the Moths and Butterflies. By Julia P. Ballard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890. Pp. xxxvi, 237. 8vo. Illustrated.

IN this book, which is an enlarged and revised form of a work by Mrs. Ballard originally entitled 'Insect Lives,' the author has gathered numerous interesting and curious facts about the more remarkable American species of insects in question. Especial attention has been given to the rearing of the mature insect from the cocoon, the characteristics of the chrysalides, and the distinctive manners and habits of the various caterpillars and their parasites. The illustrations are exceptionally fine, and the appearance of the book in every way reflects credit on those concerned in its preparation. Mrs. Ballard successfully avoids technicalities on the one hand, and the trashy style affected by some so-called "popular" writers for the young on the other. We do not know of any recent book better fitted to interest well-grown boys and girls in the insect life about them; and the instances selected are, as they should be, a part of the history of American insects, illustrated by original and well-executed figures and clear diagrams.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Bride from the Bush. United States Book Co. 25 cents.
A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda. By his Sister. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Baldwin, J. Harper's Sixth Reader. Harper & Bros. 90 cents.
Besant, W. The Demoniac. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Bettany, G. T. A Dead Man's Diary, Written after his Decease. Ward, Lock & Co.
Bettany, Jeanie G. A Laggard in Love. United States Book Co. 25 cents.
Boy's Own Manual. Fleming H. Revell. $3.20.
Brooks, Rev. P. The Light of the World. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Brown, A. The Genesis of the United States 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $15.
Bryson, Louise Fiske. Every-Day Etiquette. W. D. Kerr.
Champlin, J. D., jr., and Bostwick, A. E. The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Games and Sports. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.
Clarke, J. F. Deacon Herbert's Bible-Class. Boston: George H. Ellis.
Collis, Septima M. A Woman's Trip to Alaska. Cassell Publishing Co. $2.50.
Coppée, François. Ten Tales. Harper & Bros.
Dale, R. W. The Living Christ and the Four Gospels. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Dickinson, Mrs. Ellen E. The King's Daughters. United States Book Co.
Ebers, G. The Elixir, and Other Tales. W. S. Gottsberger & Co.
Everett, W. Changing Base: or, What Edward Rice Learnt at School. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Everett, W. Double Play. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Everett, W. Thine, Not Mine. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Farjeon, B. L. A Very Young Couple. United States Book Co. 25 cents.
Farjeon, B. L. Basil and Annette. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Fowler, T. Locke's Conduct of the Understanding. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 7. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.
Gibson, W. H. Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine. Illustrated. Harper & Bros.
Greenwood, Grace. History of My Pets. United States Book Co.
Greenwood, Grace. Stories of My Childhood. United States Book Co.
Guillemard, F. H. H. Ferdinand Magellan. London: George Philip & Son.

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Harris, C. German Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 55 cents.
Hutton, L. Curiosities of the American Stage. Harper & Bros.
Iverach, J. St. Paul: His Life and Times. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Jefferies, R. The Gamekeeper at Home. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Kingsford, C. L. The Songs of Lewes. Oxford: Clarendon Press: New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Kingsley, C. Hypatia. Illustrated. John W. Lovell Co. $2.50.
Kipling, R. Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses. United States Book Co.
Lefroy, W. C. The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Lockhart, J. G. Life of Robert Burns. Revised ed. Ward, Lock & Co.
Lumby, J. R. The Acts of the Apostles. Cambridge: University Press.
MacKellar, T. Rhymes Atween-Times. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Mahaffy, J. P. The Greek World under Roman Sway. Macmillan & Co. $3.
Marryat, Florence. Brave Heart and True. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Martin, Annie. Home Life on an Ostrich Farm. London: George Philip & Son.
Martin, B. E. In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.
McCarthy, J. Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan & Co. $7.50.
McCosh, J. The Prevailing Types of Philosophy. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.
Muloch, Miss. John Halifax, Gentleman. Illustrated. John W. Lovell Co. $2.50.
Ohnet, G. Countess Sarah. The Waverley Co. 50 cents.
Perry, T. S. A History of Greek Literature. Henry Holt & Co. $7.50.
Psalms of the West. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Read, T. B. Sheridan's Ride. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Reade, C. Peg Woffington. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Reynolds, S. H. The Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral, of Francis Bacon. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.75.
Rhoades, Lieut. H. E. Around the World with the Blue Jackets. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.75.
Rosengarten, J. G. The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States. New ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Rossetti, Christina G. Poems. Macmillan & Co. $2.25.
Savage, M. J. Life. Boston: George H. Ellis. $1.
Sheffield, S. P. The Burmah Treasure. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Sprague, P. W. Christian Socialism. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Stoddard, R. H. The Lion's Cub. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Thackeray, W. M. Vanity Fair. Illustrated. John W. Lovell Co. $2.50.
The Black-Box Murder. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Thomas, Annie. Le Beau Sabreur. United States Book Co. 25 cents.
Tillier, C. My Uncle Benjamin. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.
Toland, M. B. M. Tisayac of the Yosemite. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.
Toy, C. H. Judaism and Christianity. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Tyng, C. R. Record of the Life and Work of the Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, and History of St. George's Church. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.
Under the Nursery Lamp. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 75 cents.
Welch, W., and Duffield, C. G. Xenophon's Anabasis. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Wharton, Grace and Philip. Queens of Society. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Wharton, Grace and Philip. The Wits and Beaux of Society. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $5.
Wide Awake. Vol. DD. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora A. The Story Hour. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.

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